



Volume LV

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# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



BOILER shop or a cemetery are the two extremes suggested in trying to gauge U. S. A. opinion in Washington. In the lull of dog days, Wiseacres are analyzing the Presidential situation and have at last settled, at long range, what was in President Coolidge's mind when he declared "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." Political prophecy here is either given in ghostly churchyard whispers, or in a knocking anvil chorus. There is supposed to be a hidden mystery in every utterance of public men—something cryptic is relished to be worked out on the plan of a cross-word puzzle. After much talk and a newspaper discussion involving millions of words, it has finally dawned upon Washington political experts that Calvin Coolidge meant just what he said when he wrote those twelve words on a slip of paper—with a pointed pencil.

The flash from the Black Hills on August 2 was the common topic of conversation for the usual period of nine days. Then like Lindbergh and other front page stuff it lapsed into the oblivion of past events. The logical result of the proclamation from the Black Hills was to throw open the Presidential sweepstakes for entries. There is many a political fate that depends on the head of a party ticket in a presidential year. Especially is this so for the Republican candidates in doubtful states. Calvin Coolidge decided to make it a "free for all" early in the open season and celebrate the fourth anniversary of his service as President. Far and wide all are now grooming for the Presidential race. Leaders are hastening even from the quietude of summer vacation retreats to declare their preferences and assist in nurturing Presidential booms and put political fences in order.

**I**N the early line-up can clearly be seen the candidacy of Vice-President Charles G. Dawes looming up over the western horizon, where the enthusiastic followers of Hon. Frank O. Lowden have been keeping the home fires burning in season and out of season for the farmer candidate. Lowden has the distinction of having refused the Vice-Presidential nomination handed him on a gold platter at the Cleveland Convention in 1924 and continued to decline after a majority of the votes had actually been cast for him. During the summer months Speaker Nicholas Longworth has made a tour of the Pacific Coast, West and Northwest, making strategic stops in the Mid-West and delivering speeches that have a suggestion of having the Republican party choose an Ohio man once more as a candidate for President. There was also a hint by members of the House scattered over the country that the Senate was not the only place to find presidential timber. Some of the leaders have not forgotten that Charles Evans Hughes was thought to have been actually elected

President in 1916 until the returns were received from California—Hiram Johnson's State. His service as Governor of New York, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and Secretary of State and previous candidacy for President has inspired many of his friends to believe



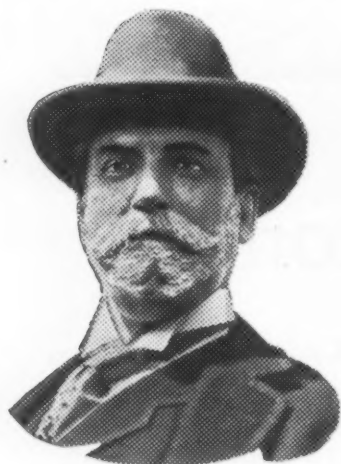
*Mrs. Thompson Seton, President of League of American Pen Women*

that 1928 is the year in which the election of Charles Evans Hughes as President is to come as a fitting cap sheaf for his long and illustrious career in public life.

**B**Y some suspicious souls it is regarded as significant that Secretary Hoover should have visited President Coolidge just prior to the announcement of his decision not to enter the race. Fresh from his work in charge of the Mississippi floods, Herbert Hoover has again come

prominently into the public eye. Constructive work has always appealed to his enthusiastic and persistent followers, who insist on harking back to the triumphs of his food leadership during the World War. The charge that

the proportions of a statesman able to fully express himself at all times clearly and definitely on all questions of national and international importance. But, is a statesman desired as a candidate?



*Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State*



*Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce*



*Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President of the United States*



*Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois*

he suggested the election of a Democratic Congress during the Wilson Administration has been made by opponents, but his friends insist that his loyal service to Harding and Coolidge is a sufficient proof of party fealty, so far as it may be required in a campaign where it may be difficult to locate the party boundary lines.

In the offing, appears the boomlet of Senator L. D. Fess and Senator Willis, of Ohio—but then it is a habit of Ohio to provide ample Presidential timber for the convention delegates to consider. There are some who also have an idea that the Far West may bring forth Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, as the most likely candidate

Then there is Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of New York, who debated the wet and dry question with Senator Borah and is always present at a National Republican convention. He has already been honored with the vote of New York State and as a presidential candidate and if the Republican wets are looking for a candidate Dr. Butler may be found most available on that issue.

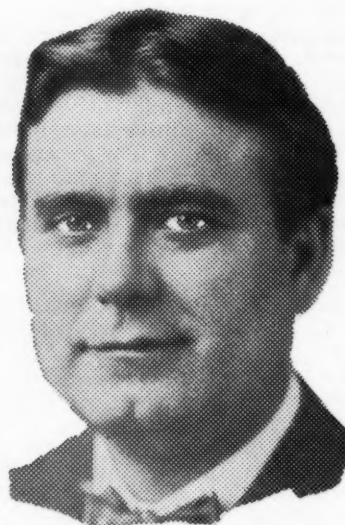
There may be many other candidates grooming in the form of "dark horses." The name of the man who may lead the Republican party or even the Democratic party in the Presidential race for 1928 may not appear in the



*Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives*



*Arthur Capper, United States Senator from Kansas*



*William E. Borah, United States Senator from Idaho*



*Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University*

to unify all wings of the party for a real flight to victory. All will agree on the ability of the Idaho Senator as a leader within the bounds of Senatorial thought and action; but when it comes to merely leading a political party, there is a difference of opinion. All concede that he has

list posted over the political paddock. For the simile would not be complete without hinting that there are still some very able political jockeys who know a thing or two about the course and just where the home-stretch wire is located.



ECHOES of the Radio Speech of the Prince of Wales at the opening of the International Peace Bridge at Buffalo impressed Washington. Among the notables present were Secretary of State Kellogg, Vice-President Dawes and Governor Al Smith. His Royal Highness, like his grandfather, the late King Edward, has openly declared his appreciation of the United States of America and has permission from his royal parents to again visit Long Island for the polo games. When he is able to bring Premier Baldwin with him to visit his ranch in Canada and have a real whiff of American atmosphere, it would indicate that the Prince is already becoming a potent power in the Britannia that rules the waves. On his previous tour, he visited the Stock Yards in Chicago and passing through thousands of miles of fields he was much

voice in the address delivered on that August Sunday, 1927, when he, amid the roar of a Niagara held in common by the two English-speaking nations, the great-great-grandson of George III should so eloquently portray a union of peace as long as the flags of England and the United States are represented among the nations of the earth.

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FOLLOWING the annual meeting of the League of American Pen Women in Washington, there is a goodly number of new recruits appearing as new authors in the making of books. Publishers at the banquet board were privileged to meet face to face with literary aspirants. Some leading firms "point with pride" to a list of members present whose books they have published. The



*H. R. H. the Prince of Wales upon his visit to the plant of Swift & Co. of Chicago, which he recalled as one of the high points of his previous visit*

impressed with the gigantic productive powers of the wide expanses of the New World as a factor in keeping the world well-fed. He has seen much of the world and has not overlooked visiting the domain of the U. S. A. from Panama in the tropics, to the borders of Alaska in the Arctic. Arriving after the adjournment of the Geneva conference, it was thought to be a diplomatic move to soothe America in the contemplation that she should remain a second-rate sea power, and that the agreements of the Washington Conference are mere scraps of a paper record. Now that he has seen the world, it is interesting that a scion of nobility should recall his visit at the plant of Swift & Co. as one of the high spots of his previous American tour, which reveals a practical turn of mind in not overlooking the fact that the British breakfast still remains standardized as "bacon and eggs."

Radio fans in the eastern area were thrilled to hear his

President of the League, Mrs. Thompson Seton, has been successful in focusing the work and purpose of the League upon the rather dull editors. At the Authors' Breakfast there was a sort of publishers' and authors' communion, garnished with the giving of prizes and an impressive pageant recounting the work of the League then celebrating its "Pearl" anniversary, suggesting the greater price that should be paid for literary work. Many phases of authorial, artistic and "publishistic" work was covered by the speakers. Thompson Seton (the husband), representing the Naturalists, was shown no favors as one of the speakers. He was also enlisted in the work of giving more attention to the literary work of women. His charming and energetic wife was the dominant figure of the hour and he, like others also present, was compelled to shine in more or less reflected glory.

The League and the Daughters of the Revolution held

a joint meeting, and it did not require extremely acute observation to note that political leaders looking on took note that the women of America, through women's aggressive organizations, are becoming a real power in the public affairs of the Nation.

WHEN Dr. Ditmars, Curator of the Bronx Zoo, appeared on a moving picture screen handling a rattlesnake and you heard an actual reproduction of the "rattle," it is suggested that we are coming very close to Na-



*Dr. Raymond  
Lee Ditmars,  
Curator of  
Bronx Zoo,  
New York City*

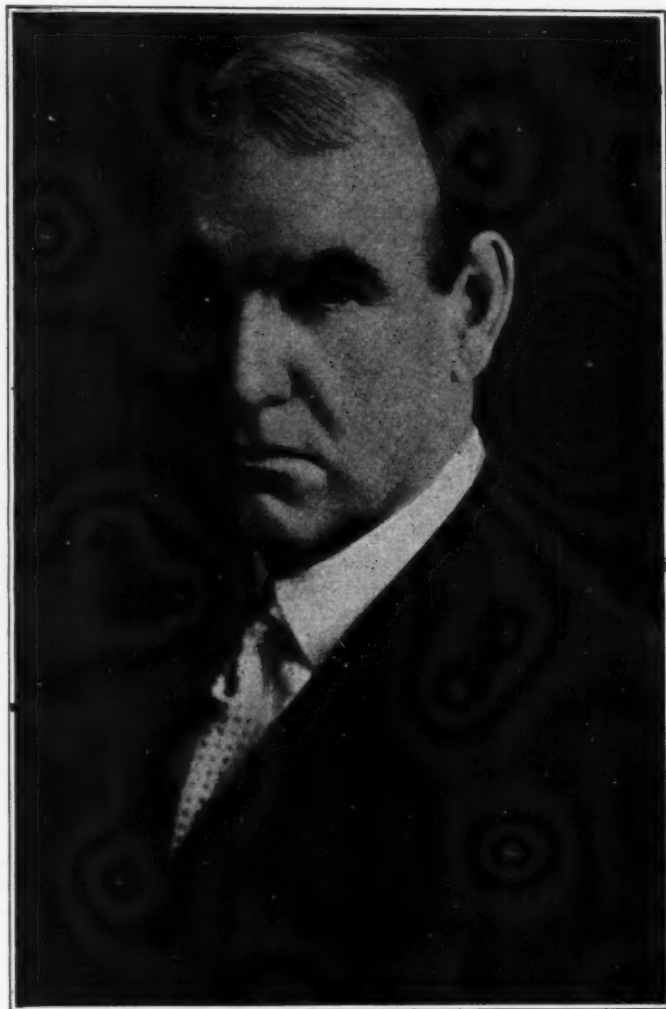
ture in these later days. The talking picture was made by Professor Bristol at Waterbury, Conn., who is planning a very extensive series of educational talking pictures that will likely have a most important influence in educative methods. Doctor Ditmars is an expert on reptiles, and confesses that he really loves the animals as pets; he seems to see something in snakes that caught the admiration and adoration of the ancient Egyptians, who reproduced the reptile in their ornamental work, even including the form of a snake in the crowns of their kings and queens. Cleopatra was also a worshiper of snakes and even died from the sting of a favorite reptile. Now to hear the actual rattle of the deadly snake and sit in the audience safe and secure certainly indicates that the hazards and dangers of wild life are being domiciled and controlled within the walls of a motion picture house and brought to the knowledge and observation of the masses.

AS a child I can recall an ambition to have a pipe organ or an orchestra in the house. Mother was a music teacher and we lived in the atmosphere of music and it seemed lonesome when the Steinway piano was not in action. Every morning we were awakened with a soft refrain coming from the parlor. There was no shouting necessary, the strains of "Traumerei" or Schumann's "Jolly Farmer" were enough. Now I sit at the radio and can tune in and have an orchestra playing as I retire and seek slumber. To think that the millions in America today hear within their homes the music of the best bands and orchestras and can even dance in the dining room with the same music that is played at the Waldorf, indicates that the world is coming closer together through the ties of radio. The discovery and utilization of the realm of ether has seemed to make a new world of this gay old earth, as it whirls on its axis on into the infinitude of time.

The coming political campaign will likely be thoroughly radioized and the popular radio speaker and announcer may take the place of the mighty Websters and Clays who have stirred the emotions of people with the magic of the

spoken word. It is the voice that marks the earliest recollections of human communications—we remember hearing mother's voice long before we learned to read or write.

METHODS in education are feeling the influence of the constant flux and change in business and social life. The experiment of President Hamilton Holt at Rollins College, Orlando, Florida of a conference method in the classrooms has attracted wide-spread attention. A graduate of Yale, Dr. Holt discovered that his real education came in the practical contacts following his taking up the work of publisher and editor. He found that business of today is more or less of a class room and that the conferences between heads of departments in co-ordinating and correlating policies and plans were the real laboratory test of educative progress. The Conference method at Rollins College is said to have resulted in preparing



*Dr. Hamilton Holt, President of Rollins College, Orlando, Florida*

the college graduate for a quick connection in practical pursuit of the ever-present question of earning a living and getting started in life which is the one dominant thought of the youth of America. There is no time for the slack of wasted hours in these swift-moving times.

HOW quickly the scene shifts in National affairs! It seems but yesterday to millions of people that the name Leonard Wood, the Colonel of the Rough Riders, began to appear frequently in public print. As a friend of his comrade, Theodore Roosevelt, he made rapid progress towards fame. His work in Cuba justified the con-



fidence in the young doctor, born in old Massachusetts, who had elected to take up an army career without passing the portals of West Point. Dauntless and fearless, he made his way in American public life, until at one time his name was on the lips of millions as a favorite candidate for President. Applause and admiration greeted him on every hand. Feathers, fireworks and red-fire were used by supporters in the blaze of a national convention. I last saw him when he peeped in unheralded at the Congress Hotel—to hear the news of his defeat. His military career was checked by Woodrow Wilson and to the regret of millions of Americans he was never permitted to see service in France—even after his vigorous work at Plattsburg training camp. His life work closed as Governor of the Philippines. When the news of his death reached the far-off Eastern Islands there came glowing tributes from Aguinaldo, the erstwhile insurgent, and other Philippine leaders, as well as eminent men of Cuba and Porto Rico, who hastened to give his memory the full honors which his achievements had merited.

On his return to America, after paying his respects to President Coolidge in the Black Hills, he came direct to his native state of Massachusetts and submitted to an operation, stoic that he was, and passed away in an environment suggestive of the profession which he honored.

As the remains were carried through to the South Station in Boston on their way to Arlington, few people realized that it was the funeral cortege of Leonard Wood. Two tiny newsboys learned of it and stood at attention as the flag-draped casket passed. Bystanders inquired as to the reason for this and an American youth replied: "Don't you know, it's Leonard Wood, the real Colonel of the Rough Riders." With simple services carrying out his modest request, the remains of Leonard Wood were interred at Arlington near that of Dewey and other military and naval heroes associated with the war-time activities of the country.

Historians will now begin to determine the place of Leonard Wood in the history of his times. From the time he began his career, on leaving the old home in Massachusetts, to the moment when he breathed his last in Boston, returning, not as a conquering hero with the pomp and circumstance of war, but back to the old home with the consciousness that he had given his best to his country, and had borne his share of the white man's burden in serving the Philippine people with a conscientious sense of helpfulness and justice that will ever endear his memory to the people in those far-off lands. The work of the closing years of his shining and eventful public service will add lustre to a career of momentous accomplishment which has given the name of Leonard Wood a high place in the hearts and memories of his countrymen.

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THESE are the days of surprises—we find the German process of producing oil from lignit has stirred up a great deal of interest in the large area of shale in the west as a possible source of producing petroleum. In the meantime, the oil wells continue to gush and the price of gasoline goes merely down while the motorists smile.

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THERE is a dearth of cloakroom stories, but General Lord of Budget fame has made a contribution, illustrating how we naturally look for prevarication in these piping days of peace. He told of a huge tarpon which had been preserved and was displayed in a glass case as representing one of the supreme triumphs of the piscatorial art. Along came the modern day sceptic who looked critically at the big whopper of a fish, and turned aside with a look of scorn, remarking in cold, cynical tones:

"The man who caught that fish is a prevaricator. I don't care what he says, it ain't so, for it does not meas-

ure true to scale." The fish was long considered an emblem of the United States Budget prior to the time that General Lord began his work with an effective pruning knife, which scaled down the expenses of Uncle Sam on the same basis operative in any other successful business operation. The result has been a snug saving of millions that is reflected in the surplus.



The late General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippines

## William Spry, United States Land Commissioner

*The eventful career of a public official who directs a Government bureau earning sixteen million dollars a year for Uncle Sam—Governor Spry's battle with the I. W. W. in Utah—An outstanding record*

ON the tour of the late President Harding to Alaska I observed that there was one member of the party who always seemed to know his book concerning the landed estates of the United States of America from the tropics to the Arctic region. Governor William Spry, Uncle Sam's Land Commissioner, was a member of the Presidential party and was not overlooking any details concerning the wide expanse of land, mountain and forest, included within the domain of the U. S. A.

There are few commissioners of the general land office who have been more familiar personally with the lands within his jurisdiction than Commissioner Spry. He is much more than a land commissioner. He is a philosopher. In one of the chats on the steamer "Henderson" plowing its way through the inland passage to Alaska, I made a note of his succinct philosophy of life:

"The only road to self mastery is the elimination of selfishness. And the only method I have found effective is to seek to constantly give. On this basis the supply is infinite and there will always be something to give—a little of your substance to those in need, a kindly word, a spirit of helpfulness. Never let yourself value any possession so highly that you would not be willing to share it with another."

The opinion has long prevailed among those who know Governor Spry and his work that he is of Cabinet calibre, for he has been a practical leader in constructive work covering a large area of the West, which the cryptic and observing Coolidge has come to know so well in these later days. He is a real dirt farmer and has kept free from all "isms and panaceas" and is looked upon as a leader of dependability, free from self-consciousness, with an executive ability that indicates that he keeps his feet on the ground and never loses the poise of friendliness and kindness. He is one whom bombs and the shadow of death cannot deter from what he believes to be his duty. The famous I. W. W. cases of 1914 and 1915 with organized lawlessness and terror seeking to intimidate the people and demoralize the Western states revealed the stamina of William Spry. An effective champion of law and order, and the sovereignty of the State, he has developed what polite writers call "intestinal stamina," which in the language of Irvin Cobb is interpreted as "guts."

During his career as Governor of Utah, Governor Spry played a prominent part in a case that closely parallels the case of Sacco, and Vanzetti, internationally known radicals, in Massachusetts.

On January 9, 1914, a man named Hillstrom, a member of the I. W. W., and a song

writer for the organization who wrote under the name of Joe Hill, shot and killed an ex-policeman by the name of Morrisson and also his son Arling, a boy thirteen years old. Hillstrom pulled a gun, saying, "Now I've got you!" and shot Morrisson through the chest. Hillstrom was trailed through the snow to a house five miles away and captured. Hillstrom stated that he had shot in a quarrel over a woman. The case was carried through the courts and Hillstrom was sentenced to be executed. The Swedish



Governor William Spry, Commissioner United States General Land Office

Consul intervened with President Wilson and the President secured a stay of execution. A request for further stay of execution by the President was emphatically refused by Governor Spry. The position of the Governor was that the right to grant commutation was a prerogative of the Governor and the administration of the affairs of a sovereign state was not subject to interference by the Federal Executive.

Threatening letters were received by the Governor through the mail which stated that the Governor's house would be blown up. An attempt at dynamiting his house was unsuccessful. Governor Spry and his family and the members of the Pardon Board were under guard for more than a year. Large numbers of I. W. W. had orders to come into Salt Lake City, and they came in

every conceivable fashion, riding the brakes, etc. Finally, on the last day, Hillstrom was shot, as he had chosen, because he had the right to elect whether he should be hung or shot. Hillstrom had a partner named Applequist who was never captured. The motive was not robbery, the theory being that Morrisson had shot a highwayman a few years before and it was believed that this man was Hillstrom. Hillstrom never weakened but at the time he was executed he was a total wreck physically. The I. W. W. took his body to Chicago and made a big display over it. Large numbers of I. W. W. came by the coffin to look at the body. The body of Hillstrom was cremated and the ashes were spread on Lake Michigan.

I have visited the General Land Office for twenty years past and met many able commissioners. I have seen it emerge from the darkness, when a special agent was anathema to the Western homesteader and prospector, and the methods of many, that of the Agent Provocateur of the days of the Russian czars.

There were days when the General Land Office was shrouded in mystery and suspicion, and the presumption of guilt and fraud hung over every western entryman. When the vital files were stamped "Confidential" and it was a place of whisperings and mystery—and closed doors. Since that time a succession of courageous Commissioners, exponents of the American spirit, have been opening the windows and letting in the sunlight; and Commissioner Spry has carried forward that American policy to a happy fruition. He is champion of the little fellow—the homesteader and prospector—yet equally realizing the right and needs of larger capital units without which the West cannot be developed.

The tabloid biography is given as follows:

William Spry, born Windsor, England, January 11, 1864, came to the United States in 1875; settled in Salt Lake City, Utah. Married Mary Alice Wrathall in 1890, three children living. Served as President State Land Board; United States Marshal for Utah, also Governor from 1909-1917. Appointed Commissioner General Land Office March, 1921."

This is the brief story of the Commissioner you find in the United States Land office today. You can walk through open doors, sit at a comfortable desk, write the title of your case on a slip; and the complete files are instantly laid before you by courteous messengers. If you are puzzled or in doubt you will be given prompt access to the official in charge of administering your case, and can discuss your problems without hesitation or fear. You are welcomed to follow your business up through

*Continued on page 541*



# Youth Leads the Desert Revolt

*T. E. Lawrence and his epochal exploits in the desert. Stirring account of the inspiration of the young Englishman in the movement which resulted in changing the map of Ancient Araby and bringing Palestine under a Christian flag*

PROBABLY the book that has aroused the greatest wave of interest among readers and reviewers this year, is "Revolt in the Desert," by T. E. Lawrence. It is written not only about the man who accomplished in Arabia what no man has ever accomplished before, but by that man. The descriptions of places, actions and events are thrilling and authentic. Lawrence has transplanted Arabia with all its moods and fancies to the pages of one of the most gripping and colorful volumes ever published. His apparent lack of effort to make his story a literary masterpiece has made it one. Its very simplicity has made it so real that it lifts it entirely out of the class of ordinary narratives.

In 1914, T. E. Lawrence was serving as a more or less unnoticed assistant in the British Museum's excavation of Car-chemish on the Euphrates. Under the appearance of a brilliant and somewhat eccentric student of archæology, he concealed a lively initiative, a sympathetic understanding of the country, and a relationship to more than one soldier prominent in British history, including—it is supposed—a Sir Robert Lawrence who fought as a crusader under Richard Cœur de Lion. Casual travellers found him unobtrusively digging Hittite remains out of the banks of the Euphrates; he left them reassured by his tactfulness with the Arab labourers as to the future of the British Empire. He knew the Near East intimately. His first direct knowledge of the complicated peoples of Arabia had been gained while he was still an undergraduate at Oxford, when he is said to have undertaken, alone and in native dress, a two-year expedition among the tribes behind Syria, in order to gather material for his thesis on the military history of the Crusades. Such experience placed him, obviously, in the direct line of those remarkable British Orientalists like Doughty and Burton who have done so much to enrich British letters. It could hardly have been anticipated that it was preparing him for the very different and more romantic achievements in reckless leadership and masterful strategy which are described in these pages.

Lawrence was not the author of the revolt; his was the more difficult, and also more dangerous, task of being its inspiration. A subaltern officer with no respect for his superiors, with a sensitive and vigorous mind, undisturbed either by military regulations or a desire for glory and with a scholarly taste in reading, he was clearly an unexpected figure among the soldiery and camp followers at Cairo. Since then he has allowed very little to be known of

himself. After his triumph in Syria, the famous guerilla leader (who, nevertheless, remained an ethnological expert), served in the British peace delegation at Versailles, and was later a member of a special commission on Near Eastern affairs, headed by the Colonial Secretary. But an almost passionate dislike of notoriety and a seemingly deliberate eccentricity have continued to conceal his character; and he is now (February, 1927), actually serving as a private soldier in the British Army, while the mists of a gathering legend have cloaked him in the obscurity of an almost mythological hero.

However, in 1919, he wrote out in a 400,000-word book the whole bitter account of his adventure and of his disappointment over the conclusion which the Peace Conference seemed to put to it. He left the



T. E. LAWRENCE  
Author of "Revolt in the Desert,"

book, together with some of his notes and many photographs, in a handbag in the Reading railway station; a few minutes later it had disappeared. There was a flurry of rumor to the effect that it had been stolen by high authorities; subsequently, it has seemed more likely that the bag was taken by a casual sneak-thief, but Lawrence, at any rate, sat down with an heroic effort of memory to rewrite the account. He never intended it, however, for publication. He had it printed on a newspaper press in Oxford, in an edition limited characteristically to eight copies, of which three, in what seems almost an excess of reticence, were afterward destroyed.

Of all the honours that an astonished government tried to force upon him, the wartime rank of Lieutenant-Colonel was the only one which he accepted, and that largely because of the necessity for maintaining his

status with the Arabs. The latter called him simply "El-Orens," or else by the more picturesque title of "Wrecker of Engines."

The titles which the newspapers afterwards invented only annoyed him; and not long ago the astonishing discovery was made that he had enlisted under an assumed name in the Royal Air Force, presumably to avoid attention. There was, of course, another wave of notoriety, and it is understood that he is now occupying the even less explicable position of a private in the Tank Corps.

The re-written book, with which Lawrence himself was never quite satisfied, was a purely personal record. His impregnable reticence was, however, broken down to the extent of allowing a lengthy abridgement for publication by "a friendly man of letters." The book in its present form opens abruptly with Lawrence's arrival with the Arabian armies, long after he had taken up, along with others of the more brilliant younger men in the intelligence service at Cairo, the enthusiastic advocacy of the Arabian revolt.

At the very outset of the war British diplomacy had remembered the unrest among the Arab-speaking populations of Turkey, and its possible value in the defence of the Suez Canal. A revolutionary movement, fostered both by powerful secret societies and the repressive measures of the Turks, had been growing ever since the Young Turk revolution of 1908. It included many high civil and military officers of the Turkish Government, while a third of the Turkish Army was Arabic speaking and consequently disaffected. Even before Turkey declared war, Sir Henry McMahon, the representative of British civil power in Egypt, had written to Hussein, the Grand Sheriff of Mecca, to promise British support for the independence of the Arabs. The secret societies did not agree that the Allies' cause against the Central Powers was identical with the Arabs' cause against Turkey; many of their members were still loyally commanding Turkish Troops at the end of the war, and a doubt among the Arabs as to the disinterestedness of the British explains many of Lawrence's later difficulties. The Arabs, however, did plan a revolution on their own account, under the banner of Hussein and his four sons, but it came to nothing.

Meanwhile Lawrence had taken up his modest duties in the Intelligence Service at Cairo.

"I had been many years," he has said, "going up and down the Semitic East before the war, learning the manners of the villagers and tribesmen and citizens of

# In the Black Hills with Coolidge

*Incidents in the Black Hills leading up to announcement that set the world agog when the President pushed aside a certainty of election in 1928 and put the positive negative on his candidacy*

By JOE MITCHELL.  
CHAPPLE

THE eventful decision of Calvin Coolidge on August 4, the quadrennial anniversary of his service as President was mirrored in his countenance on the day he visited Mystic in the Black Hills, July 23rd. It struck me so forcibly that I could not believe my very eyes. Like others I had assumed his re-election as inevitable. On that day he was a guest at the home of Governor McKelvie, which is christened "Tippie Winnie Taska," a Black Hills retreat hidden behind the mountain accessible only by trails and a tortuous lumber wagon road. The President pulled off his coat and pushed, to help the sweltering horses pull their load uphill. After lunch he lighted a cigar in the ivory holder, put on rubber boots, carefully clasped the lower button of his double-breasted coat and pulled down his straw sailor hat with the air of a nimrod determined on catching something. He cast the fly time and time again, but the laughing waters failed to give up the gamey trout. On the nineteenth cast his line was snagged, but he refused all assistance in untangling the mystic cord. The cameras were clicking and after trying various favorite spots the fishing was abandoned with nary a nibble. From the opposite bank I observed that he had something more momentous on his mind than merely catching fish. There was an intense, almost rigid expression on his face. Surrounded by the thrilling, animated charms of Nature, he seemed to realize as never before the desolative immolation in the life of a President. Gestures to the camera men as they were shouting for position, a request "no more pictures," indicated to those looking on, that Calvin Coolidge was considering a critical statement that concerned others.

Down in the deep grass along the stream, climbing over the rickety flume bridge, the scene shifted from fishing to "panning gold" in the manner of the old Black Hills prospector. A few tiny specks glowed in the black pan after the vigorous rocking by Mrs. Coolidge. Then it dawned upon us that gold does not glitter, it was the baser material that sparkled in the black sand.

As he led the hikers on foot back over the mountain, stripped of coat and vest and revealing stout and safe suspenders, President Coolidge carried with him in that long climb, the expression of a man who was thinking hard. In the railroad coach on the Rapid Canyon Railroad he sat all alone for several hours among the plush lined seats, still thinking as he glanced now and then at the scenic splendor from the open observation car in the rear. Mrs. Coolidge greeted the people living in the gulch and reveled in the beauties of Nature, but for nearly three

hours Calvin Coolidge seemed oblivious to all surroundings in the process of making up his mind of just what words to use. He wanted to let himself go and enjoy a sense of real freedom once more, in the environment where God was declaring Himself to man through Nature. He had an expression of repression on his face that I observed on that of Warren G. Harding amid the melan-

choly, the unnamed mountains of Alaska. He seemed to long to lay his head in Nature's lap and let her tell him stories. As the train rattled down the Canyon, amid the scenes of the Gold Rush of "76," Calvin Coolidge chose to be alone, in order to phrase a conclusion reached by a process of logical reasoning. The puzzle was to choose the right phrase to express what was in his mind and heart long before he wrote these eventful twelve words on a slip of paper and set the world agog, conscious that he was then and there pushing aside



President and Mrs. Coolidge with their favorite collies



the certainty of renomination and re-election as President of the United States.

At sunset on this eventful day he rode 32 miles from Rapid City towards the Game Lodge which he has grown to love, referred to with the expression "This just suits." In the distance he saw Needles and the great, granite mountain on which Gutzon Borglum is carving the features of George Washington, covering a height of three hundred feet.

Calvin Coolidge is a respecter of custom and tradition. From his school days he has written much, read much and thought much concerning the Government of the United States, which thoroughly trained him in mind and thought for responsibilities of President. As a member of the School Committee, Mayor of Northampton, member of the Legislature, Governor of Massachusetts and Vice-President of the United States he had an exceptionally practical experience. Terse epigrams have characterized his addresses, which while Governor of Massachusetts, were gathered in a book entitled "Have Faith in Massachusetts," a real contribution to political literature. "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime," uttered at the time of the Police Strike is a phrase that was a factor in making him President of the United States.

In all his public career, Calvin Coolidge has never backfired on his statements. When he said he was opposed to the soldiers' bonus he maintained his position. When he vetoed the McNary-Haugen bill he said so in no uncertain words. As President he had made himself definitely and conclusively understood. While maintaining an almost stolid poise Calvin Coolidge is a human being, with emotions very little different from that of other individuals.

Long before he announced his decision he had given thought to the situation from every angle. On this 23rd day of July, reference was made to the approaching anniversary to his taking the oath of office. This may have suggested to him a suitable time for making the declaration which was on his mind when he left for the Black Hills amid taunts of opponents that he was seeking to placate the farmer vote and secure re-election.

Nine days before I wired, upon request, a story to the *Boston Globe*, describing the scenes of July 23rd written in the telegraph office at Rapid City. These words were included: "President Coolidge does not want to run for President again." And then I lost my nerve as a prophet.

How pitifully weak was this expression compared to the words he used: "I do not choose to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight." I was convinced that the President had decided upon a conclusive expression declining to run, for he was a chief executive who knew what not to say and what not to do. The change in his manner was marked the moment that he had delivered the slips to the newspaper men on that rainy day in the schoolhouse at Rapid City. Written with one of the sharply pointed pencils lying on the history teacher's desk, Calvin Coolidge then and

there chronicled a historical utterance that has given him a high place in the hall of Presidential fame.

All the world loves a bit of mystery and there were those wont to look upon the message as a cryptic utterance, but they did not know their Calvin Coolidge, who knows how to write in a straight line and complete the sentence.

The President knows his history—every detail of the life of his twenty-nine predecessors is familiar to him. George Washington's state papers were his recreational reading in childhood. His graduation thesis was on Government, and who knows that the vacant presidency of Amherst is not an alluring vocation for him. He knows the "Deadwood Dick" stuff of the West as well as the civic classics. His early addresses in Massachusetts attracted attention, because of the profound way in which he could expound the obvious in governmental affairs in all phases of town, city, state and federal affairs. In the early days his monotonous delivery sometimes lulled audiences to sleep, but when they read the papers the next morning they were awakened to a new sense of public consciousness. He was known as the first real radio President, because his addresses "listen in" as they read, and he knows what not to say over the microphone as well as in a personal conference or public statement.

The politicians failed to realize what was so clearly apparent in word and action in the Black Hills July 23—that he was determined to retire from what Harding had declared a man-killing job. Without fear of the work, he has a respect for precedent. After four years of service there will likely be less pressure on a President whom they know has definitely chosen to really live and breathe once more the air of freedom that comes without anticipation of political favors to come.

There have been shadows in the days at the White House and poignant memories of a father and son "loved long since and lost awhile." It must have seemed like an age to him since he faced the responsibilities of the Presidency with a battery of eyes, possessed by keen and questioning newspaper men, focused upon him in the hotel when the Harding funeral cortege arrived in Washington four years ago. Patiently and persistently he has tried to square every act with the intensity of his New England conscience. The third term agitation never disturbed him, because he knew his history and the precedent established by Washington. Naturally his mind revolted at the idea of even aspiring to serve as president longer than the "Father of his Country." The career of John Quincy Adams who "chose" to serve in Congress after his retirement for a full term of the Presidency and died in the service, may suggest the Senate or a Cabinet position as a vocation following the rotation established by the presidents of the Swiss republic.

Closely following his work all these years, I have seen a greater Coolidge develop with increasing responsibilities. Out of this background is revealed a persistence of purpose that prevailed in the environment of the wide prairies and hills of Dakota. The re-creation came with the recreation,

and the pilgrimage to the land of Indian, cowboy and farmer clarified the decision. A mountain that he had grown to admire was named for him. Old Squaw Creek that tumbled down before the Game Lodge was christened Grace Coolidge Creek. He saw wild game, flowers, trees, mountains and the passing procession of tourists in autos brought him close to the spirit of the "house by the side of the road," and the friendliness of man. He again realized that statesmen—diplomats—red men—farmers—his sort of home folk—transplanted and indigenous to the wild and woolly West—were after all "just folks."

The overwhelming confirmation of his decision was apparent in these summer days when he was close to Nature and a human nature that must have made him wonder in the perspective what it was all about in Washington and New York—when inconsequential trifles were blown into bubbles as issues and controversies to feed petty ambitions.

Yes, I have seen Grover Cleveland fishing—he was a real fisherman; Wm. McKinley at a ball game—Theodore Roosevelt on horseback aglow with the exhilaration of a Rough Rider—Wm. Howard Taft on the golf links—Woodrow Wilson at a football game—Warren Harding in his friendly travels visiting folks—but Calvin Coolidge, unlike all the others in their recreational exaltations—just sat and thought it all out, wondering the while if the old hayfield in Vermont ain't 'bout as good a place to go as anywhere in summer time—but whatever you do or wherever you go, you must be free.

He is conscious of a public record worthy his ideals. His Geneva conference may have failed in its immediate purposes, but the ideal prevailed—he has lived up to the high standard of Calvin Coolidge, real American. A bit stouter, fuller in the face, the paleness gone, the tension of a suitor in selecting the right word, is over when he was able to express himself conclusively. He has cleared the situation for an open field to other candidates, having modestly insisted that he was only one of the millions of Americans. Happier days followed after the historic words flashed out over the wires: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." It was the opening of the last act of his eventful administration as President of the United States, already identified with the most prosperous years the country has ever known.

Eight brief years ago I published an article on "Calvin Coolidge, Real American." Then, as now, he was a man in public life whom people trusted and interpreted his utterances as given. It is something to say a thing that everyone will understand, even in a common language. "This is Coolidge up at the State House," was his familiar telephonic greeting, without ever heralding the fact that he was Governor Coolidge among the many Coolidges prominent in public affairs. As Vice-President, he was invited by Harding to attend the meetings of the Cabinet—an unheard of precedent—and yet how well it served the purpose of fitting him for the executive responsibilities that came to him on August 2, 1923, after taking the oath of office given by his

## Cheery Words "Over Our Coffee"

*Something concerning the Breakfast Beverage Universal of America—The story of a blend that has caught the popular fancy, tasting "good to the last drop," and created another famous trade slogan*

WHEN I say I have been drinking coffee religiously, I mean just that, for, with me, drinking it is something of a rite. It seems to promote relaxation and makes one forget his troubles and his enemies for the time being.

What more can be asked of any faith? I have been a devotee at the shrine of caffeine (good coffee) for lo, these many years. Coffee is to Mr. Average American an appetizer and comforter. We are as much influenced by the sociable aroma as by the taste of coffee. There is nothing more

how we Americans do drink it! The annual consumption of coffee in the United States for the past four years has been 1,363,000,000 pounds, which means an average of one pound per week to each of the 26,422,453 families. The eminent English author, Gilbert K. Chesterton, says that "we make the best coffee in the world and the worst tea, while the English make the best tea and the worst coffee," and that "by mixing good American coffee with good English tea you merely spoil two excellent beverages and produce a third which nobody can stomach." This from the land of Dr. Johnson of tea fame. Coffee ranks high as a household necessity, and its popularity has closely followed the growth of the United States. The coffee tree was first cultivated in Arabia five hundred years ago, but the Arabians could not see its possibilities and did not push its development. They were not good business men, those Arabs, and, anyway, there were no Americans in those days to buy their product. So it was left to the thrifty, far-sighted Dutch to adopt the neglected tree-plant, which they did. That nation soon became a great country of coffee drinkers. There is a saying in Amsterdam that, there, "the coffee-pot never grows cold." The Dutch went into the growing of coffee on a large scale in 1718, when they began planting the trees in their colonies in tropical countries. The Scandinavians followed suit and adopted coffee as their popular beverage. It was not until America discovered the invigorating and stimulating effects of coffee that coffee plantations began to multiply and produce crops of gold. Nearly two-thirds of the world's supply of coffee beans are shipped from Santos, Brazil. There are many other sources as widely scattered as they are different from each other in the kinds and grades they produce.

Returning on the *Leviathan* from a recent tour of Spain and other countries of Europe, where most of the coffee I encountered was only fair or indifferent—not to speak of it too harshly—I felt that I was served with the best cup of coffee I had ever tasted. The *Leviathan* brew was real ambrosia. It did not merely tickle the palate—it soothed it and petted it and sang to it. My travel-tired spirits revived and my appetite became clamorous.

"What coffee is this?" I asked the waiter, after having three or four cups to make sure the first one hadn't been a fortunate accident.

"Maxwell House, sir," he replied with a satisfied smile.

"Well," I said, with my head bowed before a steaming cup, "I don't know anything about the Maxwell House, but whoever runs it sure knows all there is to know about making coffee."

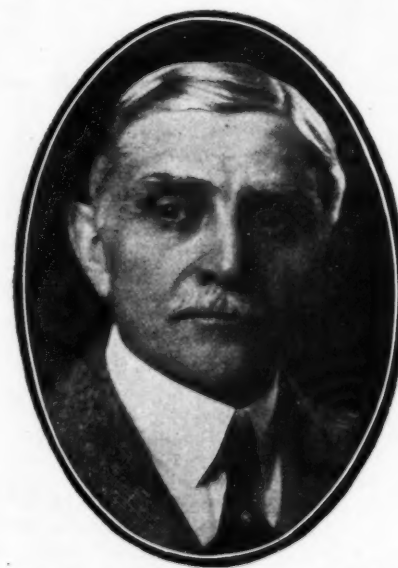
"They all say that, sir," ventured the waiter, with an air of personal condescension in hardy anticipation of an increased tip.

On the voyage I felt I had drank enough coffee to float the *Leviathan* if placed end to



Joel O. Cheek, President of the Cheek-Neal Coffee Company

welcome on entering a home, either your own or that of one of your friends, than the rich aroma from properly made coffee, or even the fragrance left by a fellow-passenger in a street car carrying home the freshly ground bean. Where is there a lunch room, luxurious or the humble wagon, without coffee? On a camping trip, what is so cheery as the exhilarating incense from the coffee pot telling that chow is ready? Always on tap at railroad stations, and with night workers, celebrating low twelve's midnight hour and the wee sma' hours getting back—a cup o' coffee you say. Many substitutes are offered—but a substitute implies a good thing somewhere. No feast or banquet, formal or informal, is complete without coffee. The menu may lack many things, but coffee is the compulsory and triumphant finish that overtunes the real chat and speeches. And



J. W. Neal, Vice-President of the Cheek-Neal Coffee Company

end. Some inquiries about the Maxwell House and its coffee proved to be a matter of public interest. This was impressed upon me shortly afterward by the hand of Fate, when I accompanied a friend who lives in Greenwich Village, on Manhattan Isle, into a delicatessen store while he bought some coffee. It was a well-advertised brand he called for, but it wasn't Maxwell House. He is a lover of good coffee and he thinks so well of his favorite brand that he asked the clerk—an alert, bright-eyed young American-born Greek—how much of it he sold.

"Not much," was the rather reluctant reply. "Only about three cans a week. You and two others are the only regular callers for it."

"So?" said my friend in surprise. "What is your best selling brand?"

"Oh, Maxwell House, sir," was the quick



answer. "We sell about five dozen cans of that every week."

"And what is your second best seller?" my friend inquired.

"Well," said the clerk thoughtfully, "there really isn't any second, strictly speaking. Sometimes we sell maybe two dozen cans of So-and-so (mentioning another extensively advertised brand) and of the others maybe three or four cans a week."

That was something to think about! Five dozen cans of Maxwell House sold every week in one little delicatessen shop, and "really no second to it." I wondered if that was not an exceptional case. So, at my suggestion, my friend and I visited half a dozen other shops in the city and our inquiries convinced us that the ratio of coffee sales leaves Maxwell House in the lead. I was a bit proud to have my own judgment so abundantly endorsed, under conditions which barred any suspicion that the stage might have been set for us.

What about this Maxwell House coffee, anyway?

There is a whole lot that can be said about it, I found out later. It presents an opportunity for ringing in a "Mammy" song, for it first hailed from Dixie-land. "Maxwell House" hasn't much to do with the product that bears its name, but it helped to start it on its road to fame and fortune. The genius, persistence and devotion to an ideal of a man named Cheek—Joel O. Cheek, to give his full name—a Southern gentleman of the old school, are responsible for the gift to mankind that bears the name of Maxwell House coffee.

A native of Nashville, Tennessee, and "brought up" in a land long famous for its hospitality and its good living, it was natural that Mr. Cheek should know something about good coffee. His head was full of all sorts of savory secrets, to which the happy guests of his bountiful table never tired of testifying, yet he seemed to know more about coffee than anything else. He had a positive genius for flavor and aroma, the two essential elements of good coffee. Watching the old colored Mammies, who made the best coffee, in their process of roasting the beans, he observed that they had no set rules as to time or degree of heat. They just roasted the beans until they indicated a flavor in all of its delicate shadings and changes.

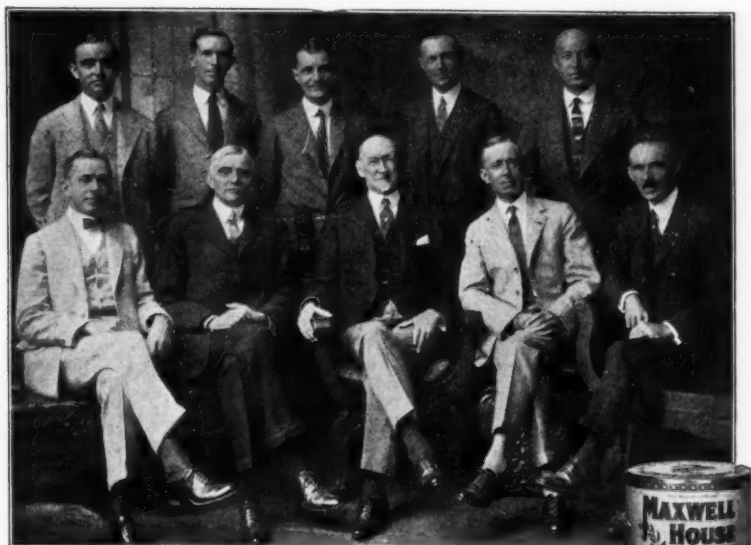
Then he began experimenting with mixtures of different kinds of beans, and kept at it until he finally found a blend that seemed to exactly suit him and his guests. He recorded the results of every test with as much care as if taken by a scientist in a laboratory, keeping records of his chemical reactions. His tests, hundreds of them, were made under varying conditions, and all of them were thorough to the last degree. When he eventually accomplished a blend and a method of roasting that were wholly satisfactory, producing coffee with a rich flavor and mellow richness and a smooth-

ness that constituted a rare beverage, he felt that he was "ready for company."

He served this coffee at afternoon parties given by the ladies at "The Hermitage," Andrew Jackson's historic home, and it attracted instant attention. The women became enthused with its fragrance, and right here it was started on its way to success. Theodore Roosevelt visited Nashville while President, and was later entertained at The Hermitage. His eyes brightened when he was served with Mr. Cheek's coffee, for he was a critical coffee connoisseur.

meant to soldiers in the camp and on the field. It was the scene of the first of the Jackson Day balls and countless other social glories, attended by guests from all parts of the South. The manager of the Maxwell House heard of the new coffee and ordered a sample of it. He tried it, and from that time on he served it exclusively to his guests. Soon afterward, Mr. Cheek named his coffee "Maxwell House" in honor of the fine old hotel that first adopted it.

The fame of the new coffee spread rapidly, first through the South and later to the



#### EXECUTIVES OF THE CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE COMPANY

(Bottom row, left to right) William Cheek, Vice-President, Richmond manager; J. W. Neal, Vice-President; Joel O. Cheek, President; Leon Cheek, Vice-President, Jacksonville manager; Robert S. Cheek, Vice-President, Nashville manager

(Top row, left to right) J. R. Neal, Vice-President, Houston manager; Newman Cheek, Secretary; D. M. Bayer, Treasurer; Frank Cheek, Vice-President, New York manager; James Cheek, Vice-President, Los Angeles manager

"Where in the world did you get this coffee?" he asked his host. "It's the best I've ever tasted. It's wonderful, wonderful! Good to the last drop!"

There and then was born the slogan that has since become known from one end of the country to the other—"Good to the last drop."

Mr. Cheek began selling his coffee up and down the Cumberland River Valley, through the heart of the Old South, populated by good judges of food values. Wherever he was known, his word was as legal tender. When he told the merchants his coffee was good, they took his word and bought it, then sold it again and again to the same customers.

In those days the Maxwell House in Nashville was one of the most famous hotels in the South. It was there, nearly thirty years ago, that the distinguished Generals of the armies of the North and South were brought together, by the Tennessee Centennial, and for the first time soldiers of the Blue and the Gray clasped hands in friendship over coffee that brought back memories of what coffee

North. Thirty years ago the old building was outgrown and the first large roasting plant was erected, in Nashville. The sales were largely confined to Tennessee and the closely-adjacent territory. Since then five additional massive, modern plants have been built, to supply the widening demand—in Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York and Los Angeles. A sixth is now under construction in Chicago. Now freshly-roasted Maxwell House coffee is to be found in almost every grocery store in every state.

The Houston plant, the second one established, was built in 1904; Jacksonville in 1910; Richmond in 1917; New York in 1921, Los Angeles in 1924, and Chicago in 1927. These dates indicate the rapidity with which the business has grown. The New York City market is the largest in the world, but it is also the most difficult in which to introduce a new product. Within a little more than two years after the completion of the New York plant, more Maxwell House Coffee was being sold in New York City than any other brand, and now more of it is being sold than all other brands combined. So far as I

know, this is a record that has never been equalled in any line; the greatest popular tribute that has ever been paid to a superior article of food ever introduced into the Gotham market.

Later I made a pilgrimage via the subway to the Brooklyn plant, where I found a son, Mr. Frank Cheek, in charge of Joel Cheek's product. I drank Maxwell House Coffee on the spot, with the aroma of the product penetrating the atmosphere of the Bush terminal district. It made me hungry. Five of the roasting plants are under the direction of five sons of Mr. Cheek, and the sixth one, at Houston, is managed by a son of his partner, J. W. Neal, vice-president of the Cheek-Neal Coffee Company. So the business is directly in the hands of two wise fathers and six hustling sons—five blood brothers and one adopted brother, one might say, for they are all one family in effect. The Rothschilds, the Guggenheims, and the Ringlings worked on the same plan, with a constant efficiency of 100 per cent plus, and they all accomplished results.

A combination of brothers, all working together, pulling together, and fighting together, is a hard thing to beat, as I know from my own experience, especially when it comes to fighting. I had three brothers, but there should have been six or seven of us to carry out the comparison to its logical conclusion, but there were only four, and it is now too late to change it. We lived midway between the Terrace, which was the residential section of the leisured well-to-do, and Scrogtown, where were located the homes of the men who worked harder, with their hands, but had less money. We were situated between two fires. When we dressed up and put on white collars, the Scrogtown boys pelted us with clods or rocks and when we didn't dress up on Sundays or at other times when dress-up was required, the boys of the Terrace sneered at us. Of course, we could not be pelted with clods or sneered at without resenting it. When the rows first started my father gave us some good advice: "Remember that there are

four of you," he said, "and stand together. They may get one of you down; they may get two of you down; they may even get three of you down; they never can get all of you down at the same time if you fight as hard as you know how. If they do, you deserve to be licked."

The secret of Maxwell House Coffee's widespread popularity is basically in the blending and the roasting of the beans, and letting the people know about it in one of the most effective advertising campaigns ever launched. Joel Cheek made the blending an exact science and the roasting an art, and his worthy sons and the son of his partner have followed in his footsteps and adhered closely to all of his rules and principles. Tons of coffee beans are prepared for the ovens, blended and roasted with the same scrupulous care that Joel Cheek displayed when he was handling only pounds, and not many of them at that.

\* \* \*

The company own no coffee plantations and is interested in none. Joel Cheek recognized that coffee was subject to the same fluctuations in its production that exist with tobacco and other products. The Vuelta Abajo district in Cuba, from whence comes the finest tobacco, is not a large district. Generally speaking, all of the tobacco grown there is good; yet the crops vary year by year. There is always a "best" crop, and no plantation has ever had the best crop two years in succession. It may have the best crop one year and a comparatively poor crop the next year. No one knows why—nature just works that way.

Joel Cheek wisely selects his coffee from the whole world instead of from any one section. Coffee is imported into the United States from more than thirty different countries and distributed over four continents. More than one hundred distinct kinds are grown and of each there are many grades. This provides a wide range for selection and makes possible the rigid adherence to a standard that never is allowed to vary. No coffee is purchased until it has been

thoroughly tested and found to fit exactly into its particular niche in the perfect blend, no matter how labeled. Then whole crops are bought, to insure precise uniformity.

The roasting is done as scientifically as an epicurean prepares a feast. The old negro Mammys whose methods were so carefully studied by Joel Cheek when he was learning all of their secrets, knew when their coffee was properly roasted by the smell of it, and the same rule is followed today, though they use a more hifalutin' name for it. The method of roasting is the same in all of the plants scattered over the country, yet it is ever changing, along with the weather. Every day's run is carefully charted, and the records filed away for reference, but no two runs are ever alike in every detail. The heat is always about the same, but the time is governed by humidity, atmospheric pressure, and general weather conditions, all of which have their effect from the standpoint of science. The result of all of this care is a finished product that is the same, whether in New York or on the Pacific Coast, or far to the south.

If some research expert could only definitely measure all the beams of satisfaction, to say nothing of the changes of countenance and conduct that come with the earlier and later breakfasts succeeding each other as the sun moves on to the west from coast to coast, what a record it would be! From that first cup of "Maxwell House" in the morning on to the last drop "that is just as good" at the late banquets, "Queen Coffee" brings the cheer that is an indispensable part of American life.

I am only one of the millions of lovers of good coffee, though I may drink a lot more than my share. I believe that the provider of good things to eat and drink is doing as much in the service of humanity as the poets, philosophers, builders, artists and artisans, who are themselves inspired to create, under the quickening influence of the inhaled aroma of the tasteful ambrosia enthroned every day at the breakfast table of the rich and poor alike.





# Ronda, Romantic Old Roman City of Spain

*The ancient bull ring—Bridge the Romans built—Picturesque canyons—Raquel Miller made a motion picture of "Carmen" at Ronda*

WHILE discussing an itinerary with fellow-Americans in Seville, we detoured from the schedule, a single sentence changing the route to places not generally included in tours of Spain.

"Don't miss Ronda!" It echoed in my ears. The words were the enthusiastic utterance of a vivacious and handsome American girl, who, in the coolness of a glorious Spanish evening, after a tiring day of sight-seeing in Seville, had joined in helping Buddy out with his entangled geography. Over the coffee she related the extraordinary experience of a certain young lady who psycho-analyzed herself at a bull-fight in Ronda. Although somewhat out of the beaten track of Americans, it was decided by a majority vote to go to Ronda by motor. After the lure and charms of Seville, we anticipated something of a contrast, if not an anti-climax. At first there seemed no logical reason for the journey, but Buddy maintained a desire for romance—and the young lady was impressively beautiful.

As we approached the old city—noted for the romance of the Alcalde, who gained his freedom by asking to be with his bride on the eve of his death and was freed because of her beauty and devotion—some of the descendants of Caesar's soldiers gathered on the Roman bridge and stared at us blankly. Was this the Ronda that had so stirred the interest in the American girl?

Passing the ancient arena and plaza, where the legions had been entertained, we began to understand—it was a setting for stirring emotions, those psycho-physical reactions, a real baptism for bull-fights, which had lifted Ronda for that American girl to heights of thrilling recollections. Perhaps she had seen and fallen in love with a real toreador, mayhap Belmonte, then the matador hero of Spain, the dream lover of a thousand maidens, instead of a filmy vision of a motion-picture hero. It explained a Valentino fascination in a vivid reality of things, and it was beginning to dawn upon Buddy why the young miss had reiterated "Don't miss Ronda." This had recalled the incidents that enabled her so graphically to describe her impressions, and to weave about them a reason for her conversion to bull-fights. Our own impressions began crystalizing on a cool, wintry November night, on a lonely ride over a range of mountains and narrow roads that might have been built for the transportation of the baggage trains of the centurions of Caesar—slower and more sedate than that of the impressive-looking Spanish car and dignified chauffeur with a military goatee who fairly skimmed over valley and mountain

on the wings of a rubber-tired Mercury—1925 model.

With the frigid air sweeping down one's neck in an open car, even the most impressive scene on the plains becomes a bit tame. Feeling in some strange way that we were in for something rather disappointing on our arrival, we bounced our way along the winding road, gazing in disgruntled fashion about us, as if to say—"So this is on the road to Ronda!"

As far as the eye could see were large fields, much like those of our own Iowa and

hard green pears, figs, and coffee. The waiter was willing to test his English and Buddy interrogated him as to why so many handsome young ladies were present to greet us on our arrival. He mentioned "Hollywood" as a means of explaining to benighted Americans that it was a motion-picture company "on location." The "artists" chatted in several languages, and emphasized remarks by voluble gesticulations in seven more.

A strange-appearing group they were. Full-grown beards, raised especially to an-



In the Plaza de Toros, at Ronda, the oldest bull ring in Spain

Illinois rolling prairies, but with fewer houses and barns or evidences of a prosperous country. The farmers live in small houses, clustered together and surrounded by corrals and gates. Here and there we glimpsed a donkey or a tandem team of mules with a two-wheel covered cart making its way across the bleak plateau—a painted beast on a painted panorama.

"Surely, Miss Ronda will be disappointed not to miss us?" shouted Buddy, trying out his English once more after a spasm of Spanish.

A crackling fire was burning in the grate at the Victoria Hotel. Merry groups were chatting in the cosy corners as we entered. About us everywhere was an air of animation of a social life that seemed out of keeping with first impressions of the old Roman town. At nine o'clock we sat down to a Spanish table d'hôte dinner—almost everything from hors d'oeuvres to the usual

answer the requirements of the various characters; chin whiskers, and other old-style hirsute adornments were now viewed in their natural state. One of the actors was attired in the raiment of a toreador, and wore bits of black beard under his ears, while the heavy villain had a long, piratical mustache calculated to make him appear bloodthirsty and ferocious on the flash of the camera, from any angle or at any moment. It was evident from the costumes that the story which the company was preparing for the screen was "Carmen," and now we discovered from the hotel register that Raquel Meller was the motion-picture star in our firmament. The members of the caste were paying a chorus-like attention to the leading lady, still "made up as Carmen" and acting very Carmenesque. For the moment she was enjoying her in-nings, having exchanged roles with the imperial director for the evening. This was some time previous to her triumphs in New

York in moving American dollars from New York box offices with every trip of her dainty toes. She was then budding into fame at Ronda, the same piquant Raquel Meller who was later the sensation of Broadway, receiving the plaudits of the theatre-goers in American cities, where she sang and danced in the introductory days of "Valencia."



The air was biting without, but cheery within, because everyone wanted to talk to us about motion pictures in America. We retired late, or rather, early, and found the beds hidden under huge canopies, with heavy curtains drawn tightly to keep in every bit of bodily warmth. Our dreams were a jumble of the old bridges, Sevillian dancers, Alhambras, bull-fights, cathedrals, cafes, guitars, and solemn guides, who talked of centuries as the days of a passing week. "The morning after," as they say in movie captions, dawned beautifully clear "at Ronda in sunny Spain." Every twig, every blade of grass, every tree trunk was covered with a coating of hoar frost, glistening and gleaming in the sunlight. All night the wind howled through the trees, and we were conscious of Spain as a clime sometimes of frost and cold. "Sunny Spain!" "Ronda, Lady of the Snows!"

Americans on a limited tourist ticket care naught for heat or cold! theirs is not the urge to stand or sit, but to go, and keep on going as the deficit deepens. Nothing short of a Nebraska blizzard could deter our jolly trio from finding out why "we should not miss Ronda." With frost on the breath, we started for the old bull-ring early in the morning. Seated placidly under the eaves of the box-office was an elderly lady, figuratively and literally "under her own vine and fig tree," located under a roof with vine-bearing grapes overhead. Producing a bunch of large keys she proceeded, after being duly and truly tipped, to unlock for us new visions of a glorious past.

Reiterating the words "toros" and "Plaza de Toros," she shook her bunch of huge keys so often that we understood, at length, that something was about to happen, had happened, or should have happened with regard to bulls. Later we found that this plaza was destined to be the scene of a long-awaited and spectacular bull-fight on the following day—which, naturally, extended the schedule twenty-four hours.

Meandering around the arena, with the sun hidden behind a cloud, the sky threatening and cold, we endeavored to bring to mind the picture of the tomorrows and yesterdays. The large circular space, devoted to the fight, was empty and forlorn-looking, and the clear white sand under foot was far from suggesting "Blood and Sand." On the side, in the centre, was the royal, or Presi-

dent's box, before which all must bow to receive the key. Beneath it was a trap-door, out of which, when the gates were opened, the bulls rushed, dashing madly to their doom. Nearby were darkened stalls, in which would be tethered the decrepit, bony horses of the bull ring. On one side was a dressing room, in which was stored the full regalia of the corps of bull-fighters, from the trappings for the horses to the pig-tail ribbons of the matador. Swords by the score were hung about; all the gaudy accoutrements of the picadores, even their ornamented saddles, in which they sometimes rode to their death. The crimson capes and banderillas, or darts, with which the crazed bulls are tormented to infurcation, afforded one a visual and gruesome inventory of the preparations made behind the scenes in setting the stage for a holy day event at the Plaza de Toros.

"The next day"—again to use the familiar title ever present in the movies—with hundreds of gaily colored flags, banners, streamers, pennants, the colors of Spain flying in profusion, and with the sun shining down upon them in all its brilliance, made a never-to-be-forgotten scene of a gala day. At last all Ronda in holiday attire arrived at the plaza. Nearby, at the gate where the bulls were admitted, an array of the relics of past killings were on display, as though they were prize exhibits at a state fair. They made us shudder, and opened our minds to the vast panorama of what had occurred here in the march of years since the first toreador appeared as a conquering hero on that opening day a thousand years ago. Perhaps the very stones outside the door were those which had been thrown upon ill-favored and ill-fated gladiators, or early Christians, who with bleeding bodies but smiling faces, had trodden that ghastly arena to face the ferocious lions from Africa. Gladiatorial combats in Spain in those days, be they called what they may, are by no means figments of the imagination. Old Rome is closely allied, in this respect, to modern Ronda—Ronda, with its back-ground of red blood and white sand. This was the very Plaza de Toros where the American girl had caught the fervor and "enjoyed" her bull-fight—after the previous ten spectacles that had sent her to a bed of suffering—and now we understood her appeal, "Don't miss Ronda!"

What a hustle and bustle there was in the ancient city that bleak day! Scarfs snugly tucked in—all seemed intent either on business or pleasure—cheeks aglow, and eyes sparkling with the wind—the peasants in lively anticipation hurried along over the old bridge overlooking the deep canyon through which during the rainy season swirled a veritable torrent. Loiterers there were none. The roadsides were filled with burden-bearing donkeys, each with its blue tassel to keep off the flies and mosquitos—and the "evil spirit." The rugged cliffs surrounding the city, the Puente Nuevo, and the old Roman bridge, gave Ronda a picturesque and medieval appearance.

Coasting down the great mountainside as we left Ronda in the distance, there loomed before us the white buildings of a cluster of villages that seemed to hang like

pendants from a necklace formed by the blue horizon. Many of the straggling villages were barren aspects without foliage of any sort, one of which was noted on the map as Carrabrackla. The houses were built with a monotonous regularity suggestive of a group of dominoes. As we honked on and on through the narrow streets, the horn—a contrast to our Claxton—throatily "moved" the natives, who revealed a spirit which would gladden the heart of an American traffic cop, for they stepped gingerly to one side, not forgetting to shove their donkeys always to the right, out of our way.

The natives in the villages have been convinced that it is easier to stop and steer themselves than a high-powered motor car; they take no chances of being run over. When an autoist sounds his horn in Spain, it is surprising with what alacrity the jay-walker will give you space—and plenty of it. There are comparatively few motor accidents in Spain, for the motor horn is as authoritative as an umpire at a ball game or a fire engine siren on "Main Street."

During the month of October, every city and town, almost every hamlet in Spain of whatever character or size, witnesses annually the drama of "Don Juan Tenario"—



the drama of Spain's great lover, in play or motion pictures. It usually requires six entire performances to tell completely this old, old story, viewed time after time by the children who, in turn, become mothers and fathers of other children looking on. This story is even more enduring than our own Shakespeare. The episodes of Don Juan's career of love-making seem ever new to each generation. The romance and sentiment involved in the old story of his adventures go on unchanged through the ages in Spain. Since the advent of the motion picture, "Don Juan Tenario" has become even a more vivid hero. Think of the day when the Vitaphone is brought into Spain to echo the dulcet words of this glorious lover and suit the "spoken word to the action." The success of John Barrymore in "Don Juan," indicates that Warner Brothers anticipated that this old, but ever new, story of the Spanish lover would appeal to American audiences. With the appropriate musical and orchestral setting provided by Henry Hadley's Orchestra, the Vitaphone in the Broadway production, utilized in the picture theatres in every city, town, village and hamlet in the United States and the world at large, may determine motion pictures as the language universal of the future.



## The Value of "Contact"—Human and Mechanical

*The most important factor in life—In seven letters the word crystallizes science, invention, human emotion, aspiration and unlimited stories of the development of peoples of the earth—Stone age brought to the age of steam through centuries and series of contacts*

**C**ONTACT is the most important and far-reaching, if not the most eloquent of the words in the English language.

It is fundamental, indeed, to our very civilization itself. Long before man had emerged from the labyrinth of doubt and darkness in which he found himself in the Stone Age, the word "Contact" began to find a real expression. Primeval man was more or less of a hermit, and the very first instinct that inspired him was the feeling of a need for contact with not only his fellowmen but with the animals of the earth. Thus we find him beginning to live a communal life, and to domesticate the animals around him.

Man has been called a gregarious animal, and it is indeed this desire for contact with his fellow beings that has been the chief factor in his development. In other words, he has formed contacts, and these contacts have resulted in a communion of thought and action that have contributed greatly to the development of not only man himself but of his arts and sciences also.

Contact is an elemental condition to our very existence. From it are engendered conjugal love, parental and filial affection, friendship, sympathy, good fellowship, envy, malice, hate, citizenship, and, indeed, all of the other sensations with which we are imbued. Throughout history, man's greatest crises have been the result of contact. His mightiest battles have been caused by the contact of opposing hosts. His great religious and political awakenings have been due to contact with spiritual and economic forces. His advancement in art, literature, science, and industry are all the result of his contact with ideas and ideals.

Every achievement of man in the world of science and industry has been the result of contact. It was the contact of the steam with the cover of the kettle that inspired Isaac Watt with the idea of utilizing steam for the propulsion of machinery. It was the contact of steam in the propulsion of machinery that inspired Trevethick and Stevenson to use steam in the propulsion of the locomotive, and it was the same idea of contact that inspired Robert Fulton to perfect the steamboat.

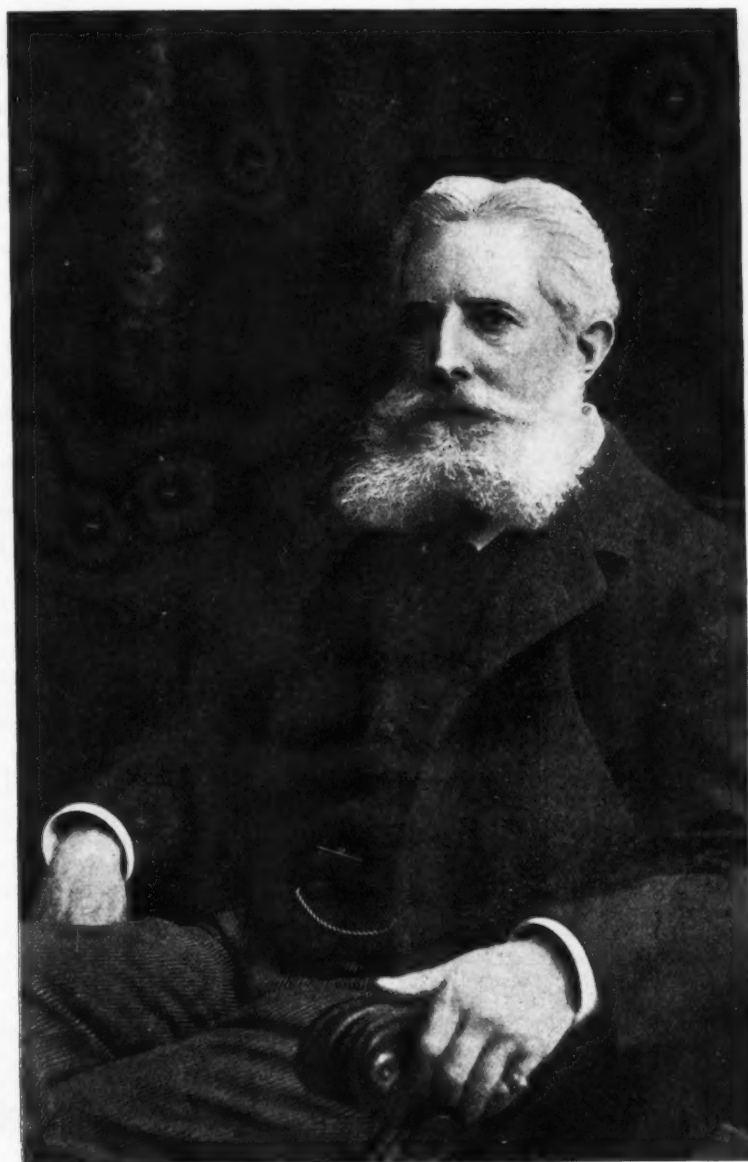
From the Steam Age, man proceeded to the Age of Electricity, and it was not long before Wheatstone and Morse had succeeded in mechanically applying by contact the discovery of Benjamin Franklin to the needs of industry.

And what extraordinary advances has

our ability to utilize the power of contact enabled us to make.

Fifty-five years ago the telephone of Bell was regarded by the wisest savants

these things, and regard them as accepted utilities indispensable to our every day life. We think nothing of speaking over the telephone to San Francisco or to Europe,



Alexander Graham Bell, whose knowledge of contact has made possible unlimited human contact

of the day as the toy of a child, with no commercial possibilities whatsoever, while the idea of carrying the voice on the ether, either by wireless or radio, would have been scoffed at by even the most radical dreamer. And yet, today we do all of

while our airplane stations circumnavigate the world with their messages and the voice of the radio is heard in the homes of every city, town, and hamlet of the land. Just imagine, the voice of our President, through contact with an elec-

trical spark, now reaches the ears of twenty million listeners before his voice has even penetrated the farther depths of the room in which he speaks for radio travels 186000 miles a second while sound travels only 2000 feet.

Less than thirty years ago the automobile had never been thought of, and yet, through this marvelous contact of a spark to suspended gas, not less than twenty-five million cars now travel the highways and byways of every land under the sun, no less than twenty million of them being in our own country.

Within the memory of almost all of us, the thought of flying was the fantastic dream of a Jules Verne or a Robert Louis Stevenson, but today flying has become an accepted means of communication almost everywhere. Oceans and continents and the world itself has been spanned, commercial transportation by the air has become an actuality, and where the military plane of yesterday was engaged in destruction, today it is employed in the peaceful task of making topographical maps of vast uncharted regions. Even the mystic region of the North Pole has been crossed by this new denizen of the air, traveling at greater velocity than any bird which ever took the wing.

To the flyer, "contact" is a word to be conjured with, for wherever airships are employed, "contact on and contact off" is the accepted "all aboard" of the aviator. Aviation has brought a new view and given a deeper significance to the word "contact."

But after all, human contact is the most important interpretation of this expressive term. And I do not believe that anyone realizes this more than I. Ever since I started my newspaper career as a cub reporter, I have felt that the vital thing in the preparation of a story was right contact. To actually come in contact with the men and women who are thinking and doing the big things of life, to visualize them in the flesh, and to get their views at first hand, that is indeed the contact that is the very foundation of the good story. And it has been this contact, in fact, that has been the chief factor in making the men and women themselves famous. In the past few years I have asked many men and women who have achieved eminence in some particular field as to the one

great, controlling influence in their success, and the answer has been invariably, "Contact." Well do I remember the late President William McKinley's kindly words to me when I ventured to tell him about my literary ambitions. "Make friends, keep friends, deserve friends; never overlook a favor, and you will never be without some way of working out your plans."

Friends are made by contact. They are indispensable to our happiness. "A life unnoticed, unheeded, unappreciated," said that great philosopher, William James, "would be a most fiendish form of punishment." As Charlotte Perkins Gilman says: "Friendship comes naturally along lines of true expression in work, of a casual propinquity that gives reign to the unforced thought."

\* \* \*

An old school teacher of mine once spoke to us on graduation day as follows: "The only apprehension I have in regard to my boys and girls is for their future associations," which is only another way of emphasizing the word "Contact," and the late Dr. Gunsaulus stated that he considered the art of meeting and mingling with people, and appreciating the other person's point of view, a determining factor in the career of every man and woman.

An estimate has been made by an eminent Harvard professor that eighty per cent of the thought of human beings is focused upon the word "Contact." If Calvin Coolidge were to point out one single thing in his life that marked his destiny as a President of the United States, he would point doubtlessly to that crucial moment when he came in contact with what many have considered the greatest crisis of his career, and declared: "No one has the right at any time to strike against authority." This was an incident that followed in the wake of other crucial contact moments in the lives of famous men. Lincoln was an inspiring example of the influence of contact, so were Washington and Grant, Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding and many others of the men who have contributed so greatly to the upbuilding of our common land.

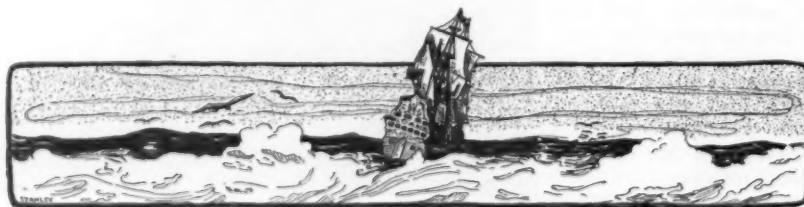
And who can underestimate the power of the contact with the silver screen? Throughout the world today millions upon millions of people are being educated to

a higher code of ideals by this new form of contact. How eloquently was the power of the contact of the screen demonstrated in the funeral of Rudolph Valentino, who was mourned by those who had never seen him in the flesh, felt that he was one of them by actual contact. As Mary Pickford remarked, "The most striking scenes in pictures are when there is that unconscious contact free from the slightest suggestion of deliberation, for we never know precisely when the vital recording contact with the camera is coming."

Contact is an important factor in success on the spoken stage as well. The genius of the eminent actor lives through generations. And even getting down to our own days, forgetting the Barrymores and Forbes-Robertsons, we find contact a tremendously important factor in every actor's role. There is Will Rogers, for instance. Once upon a time he was a cow boy, who, because of his ability to manipulate lariat, was induced to go into vaudeville. One day, to his consternation, he found that he had mislaid the rope with which of yore he had so dexterously thrown the steer, but he had acquired contact, and to his amazement he found himself "throwing the bull" without any rope, and we all know that he has been doing this ever since with perfect sang froid. Will Rogers has learned the value of contact, and it has been his intimate contact with famous men, including Mussolini and other world rulers, that has enabled him to appoint himself as unofficial ambassador to the world and tell the President of the United States, all of our governors, and the mayor of every city and town in the United States, how to run their respective offices.

The development of a nation is a succession of contacts. Needs and necessities increase and multiply, and these create industry. In a certain section a man builds a new house. The man next door, through contact, is also inspired to build one. Then another follows, and then another, and very soon the whole section is transformed. As with houses, so with their furnishings. One family buys a piano or radio, then another and so on. And of course we all know the influence that the purchase of a single automobile will have on any neighborhood.

Contact is indeed omniscient.

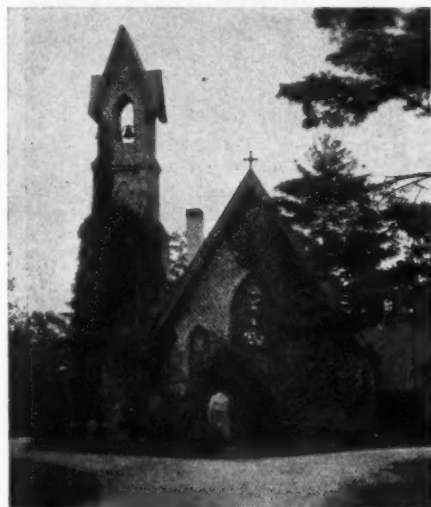




# Open-air Westminster Abbey of the South

*An extensive "God's Acre" provided in North Carolina, honoring the noted people of the South—A monument to "O. Henry", dedicated in 1927—The unknown graves of prominent Southerners to be provided with markers*

**I**NDICTMENT has been lodged against the South—and justly so—that it has accorded scant recognition to the memory of its great men and women. This criticism comes largely not from outside sources but from Southerners themselves—a few scattered here and there, who are beginning to awaken to the fact that this part of the country has been very derelict in its duty along this line. New England, that section which has given to America



Calvary Episcopal Church, Fletcher, North Carolina, built in 1859, occupies central position in Open-air Westminster Abbey of the South

so many great leaders in thought and action, bristles with monuments and memorials erected to perpetuate the memory and influence of her great.

Not so with the South. Save where here and there a marble shaft or granite block commemorates the valor and deeds of some military genius, the Southern States are largely bare of memorials. Certainly her writers and artists, though few in number as compared with New England and the East, lie in unmarked or poorly marked graves, largely unhonored and unsung. The same is true of her statesmen. There is an occasional exception as in the case of North Carolina's beloved Zeb Vance, to whose memory a granite monument a hundred feet high was erected some years ago on the square in Asheville. Henry Timrod's grave is in old Trinity graveyard hardby the statehouse in Columbia, S. C., with but a simple stone to mark his resting place. The grave of O. Henry, generally conceded to be America's greatest short story writer, is in Riverside Cemetery, Asheville, with an insignificant stone

By JAMES W. ATKINS

*Managing Editor of The Gastonia (North Carolina) Daily Gazette*

marker at the grave bearing the simple words "William Sydney Porter, 1862-1910." These examples might be multiplied.

This condition, however, is in a fair way to be changed and that rapidly. Unless some unforeseen circumstance causes the plans of Rev. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Jr., rector of Calvary Episcopal Church at Fletcher, N. C., to go awry the South will soon be able to boast of what will be perhaps the most unique memorial institution in America. It has been designated "The Open-Air Westminster Abbey of the South" and has already been inaugurated.

On a recent Sunday afternoon the writer had the pleasure of visiting Old Calvary Church which, by the way, is one of the most beautiful of all historic spots not only in North Carolina, but also in the United States, and of talking with Mr. McClellan about his vision and his plans for the creation of a Southern memorial here. Strange to say, it remained for an Easterner to conceive this idea of honoring the South's great, for Mr. McClellan is himself a New Yorker, a descendant of Gen. George B. McClellan of War-between-the-States fame. He was graduated from New York University and Union Theological Seminary in New York City and is known as a writer on historical subjects. So far as his own personality is concerned, it was next to impossible to find out much about him other than that he is a native of New York City, born in 1886, spent some years in California and Texas, where O. Henry lived and is greatly loved, and that three years ago he came to Fletcher to become rector of this old and fashionable church. He talks, yes; but not about himself. His whole conversation centers in his dream of the Westminster Abbey, and his enthusiasm on the subject is contagious.

Sitting beside him underneath a magnificent white pine, one of hundreds which make this twenty-four acre tract a beauty spot in this enchanted "Land of the Sky," the writer caught a glimpse of his remarkable dream and, glancing with mind's eye down the vista of the years, beheld on this spot a shrine that will be visited by many thousands annually from every corner of the globe. A short stone's throw from the spot where we sat beneath the pine is the grave of Edgar Wilson Nye, known in American literature as "Bill Nye." A hundred feet away and facing the Dixie Highway was visible the granite monument erected two years ago to the memory of Nye. It is a

distance of but a few miles from this church to "Buck Shoals," on the banks of the French Broad River, where Nye lived for many years. It was there that his friend, James Whitcomb Riley, visited the humorist often and together they walked beneath the pines and along the shaded walks of this same Calvary, where Nye was a member. Though the Nye home has passed into other hands, his children and grandchildren return frequently to this quaint spot,



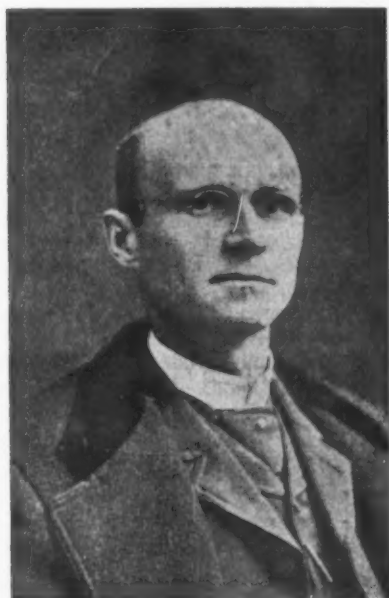
Rev. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Jr., rector of old Calvary Episcopal Church, Fletcher, North Carolina, and originator of the Open-air Westminster Abbey of the South. He is a native of New York State and a descendant of General George B. McClellan

where their distinguished father's body is interred.

Near Nye's grave is a large native boulder bearing a bronze marker to the memory of Riley, which is to be dedicated during the summer of 1927; the reason for its inclusion in a Southern memorial being his close association with Nye. The humorist, while not a Southerner by birth, spent much of his life in this section and absorbed much southern atmosphere for his writings.

The uniqueness of the "Abbey" lies largely in the character of the individual markers. Each is a large upright native granite boulder, erected in its original condition even to the moss which clings to it frequently. On the front there is a bronze marker of most attractive design bearing the name of the person thus honored, date of birth and death, and some significant statement about or quotation from him or

her. There is a poet's corner, a musician's corner, a statesmen's corner, an artist's corner and a benefactor's corner. Approximately identical in height, the stones are all different in the contour of their rough surfaces. They are being erected in rows beneath the dense shade of beautiful white



The late Edgar Wilson ("Bill") Nye

pinetrees and wide-spreading oaks. The whole will be separated from the drives and the churchyard proper by a high laurel hedge, thus giving it an air of privacy almost as complete as if the whole were enclosed within stone walls and underneath a roof instead of a canopy of rustling leaves.

"The purpose of this Open-Air Westminster Abbey of the South," said Mr. McClellan, "is to keep before the eyes and minds and hearts of the coming generations the great ideals of the South, its songs, its poetry, its books of prose and their writers, its famous statesmen, in other words its idealists and every recollection, every tradition, every bit of history that is meaningful for the future. We need today just such a thing, I believe. The South has so far neglected to erect memorials to its great men and women, a fact which is easily explained. New England has excelled in this. That is one reason you hear so much of New England history and so little of Southern history. That is why it is so easy to find out about New England and so difficult to find out about the South. We need today to be thinking more about the poets, artists, musicians, statesmen—idealists—and less about warriors and makers of war. We have had enough of war; let us emphasize the arts of peace. As we do this we shall be preparing the way for the abolition of war—one of the noblest tasks this or any other generation can undertake."

In this connection it is a significant fact that no corner is provided for the South's military heroes. None will be, for the originator of this great idea is an advocate of peace and believes that keeping war history and war heroes in the background is one of the most effective ways of training

the coming generations away from war. True, there is a monument to Robert E. Lee but it honors his memory not as a great warrior, but as a great leader in the education of the young men of the South following the War between the States in which he played such a large part.

In this connection Mr. McClellan said, "To foster prejudice and keep aflame the heat of the Civil War, to create sectionalism and to carry on some phase of history that should be entirely forgotten are absolutely foreign to my dream of this Open-Air Westminster of the South. I recall Lee's words, 'Lay aside all these local animosities and train your sons to become Americans.' With that statement Lee passed from being merely a Confederate chieftain to an American. I wish to memorialize the fine, the noble things in the Old South and pass these on through bronze and granite to future generations. The nucleus of my idea," continued Mr. McClellan, "is the Robert E. Lee marker near the main entrance of the grounds. This is the motif of my thought. Lee is here depicted mounted on 'Traveler' journeying into the South. It is Lee facing a new day, the day of his real greatness as president of Washington College, later to become Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va. We here commemorate not Lee the fighter but Lee the educator. 'He cometh to his own' says the tablet. That is true and so we want all the noble men and women of the South to come into their own."

Four memorials are being dedicated in the abbey this summer. One to "Dan" Emmett, composer of "Dixie," was unveiled on Sunday afternoon, July 3rd. Among the speakers were Hon. Felix E. Alley, Mrs. Lila Ripley Barnwell, author, and greetings were read from the Governor of Ohio and the Mayor of Mount Vernon, Ohio, Emmett's native town.

On Sunday afternoon, July 24th, was unveiled the monument to James Whitcomb Riley, the gift of Dr. Joe Shelby Riley, the poet's cousin. Among the speakers were Dr. Riley, Dr. Lola Berry, a relative of the poet, and greetings will be brought from the Governor of Indiana and the Mayors of Indianapolis and Greenfield, Indiana.

Stephen Collins Foster, composer of "Swanee River" and many other famous Southern songs, will be honored on Tuesday, August 9th, when a monument will be unveiled to his memory with the principal address by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor.

The high-light of the summer program of unveilings will come on Sunday, August 28th, when the "O. Henry" monument will be unveiled. An elaborate program has been arranged for this occasion and many literary folk from various sections of the country are expected to be present. Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, himself a noted writer, will make the principal address. O. Henry's widow, Mrs. William Sydney Porter, of Asheville, will be among the speakers also. Governor Al Smith of New York and Mayor James J. Walker, of New York City, have been invited and will probably attend these exercises. "The Crucible," one of O. Hen-

ry's compositions, will be sung by Charles E. Burnham, of Asheville.

The memory of Sidney Lanier, one of the South's sweet singers, who likewise spent his declining years in the mountains of North Carolina, has been commemorated by a monument given by George G. Westfeldt, of New Orleans, to whose grandfather the poet dedicated his last poem "Sunrise." Lanier visited this spot in September, 1881, while en route from Richmond Hill, Asheville, to Tryon, N. C., where he died.

Others to whom monuments will be erected in the future include Frances Fisher Tiernan (Christian Reid), Joel Chandler Harris, Henry Woodfin Grady, Frank L. Stanton, Dr. Francis O. Ticknor, Henry Timrod, Zebulon B. Vance, author of "The Scattered Nation," Paul Hamilton Hayne, Irwin Russell, St. George Tucker, Francis Scott Key, George Denison Prentice, Philip Pendleton Cooke, Richard Henry



The late James Whitcomb Riley

Wilde, James Matthews Legare, Henry Rootes Jackson, Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Alexander Beaufort Meek, Theodore O'Hara, William Gilmore Simms, John Reuben Thompson, Abram Joseph Ryan (Father Ryan), Severn Teackle Wallis, James Barron Hope, Margaret Junkin Preston, Edgar Allan Poe, Edward Coate Pinkney, John Esten Cooke, Thomas Nelson Page and a host of others.

Present plans call for the erection and dedication of at least four monuments a year.

Particularly happy was the selection of a site for this unique memorial abbey. Calvary Church was built in 1859, its communicants being for the most part distinguished families from South Carolina, such as the Rutledges and Blakes, who owned large estates in the immediate vicinity. During the Civil War this church was used by Confederate forces as barracks. In the churchyard still stands, in a splendid state of preservation, an open air shed built by the original members for housing their horses. The church is directly on the "Dixie Highway" from the Middle West to Florida and thousands of tourists



# Give the Children a Garden

*An earnest plea by an eminent educator to provide some space somewhere as a garden for the children—many flowers and vegetables a vital influence upon the growing children*

**P**RACTICALLY every home-loving woman makes more or less a hobby of her garden. But how many allow the children to help, or to pick a daily bouquet? The gardener's point of view is easily understood, for the more delicate plants are unable to withstand the treatment of inexperienced fingers. But how necessary is a substitute!

Every mother who has any yard space at all, should make an effort to assign a plot, no matter how small, to the child for his or her garden. Firstly, the fact that he has something to do, will keep him busy, out in the sunshine. He has an opportunity to breathe fresh air, and to exercise normally. In gardening every muscle is given a chance to develop.

And not only is the body helped, but the mind and soul are taught facts that years of school and Sunday school often fail to instill. The youngster learns that effort is necessary to accomplish anything really worth while. He must prepare his soil, provide sufficient food and water for his plants, keep weeds and harmful insects out. His creative instinct is awakened, and he makes a supreme effort to produce fine plants. He learns patience, and at the same time an appreciation of the aesthetic values. Only time will bring the unfolding of the seeds and bulbs into beautiful flowers. He waits until the seeds sprout, watches their growth, and rejoices when the little hands may pluck the mature product. He learns to observe closely. Not only does he see each tiny leaf and bud, but he begins to know each chameleon-like insect that comes to destroy. And with the development of patience, observation, and love of the beautiful, comes reverence. In watching this gradual unfolding of life, our little one begins to realize the greatest lesson of all, Nature, God. Who can watch the development of the humblest plant, without feeling the greatness of the God who could create so orderly and wonderful a universe? At the present time with its epidemic of suicides among the young people, this question is more momentous than ever before. Teaching and preaching have proven of little avail, but if we put our child in the sunshine, and give him an opportunity to follow the natural sequence of his thoughts, the lesson so learned, will serve him all his life.

And just how are we to plan this garden? Is it to be a flower garden or shall we raise vegetables? If there is not room for both, a combined flower and vegetable arrangement may have the best features of both, i. e., beauty and usefulness. And may we suggest here a vegetable garden as a sure

cure to mothers who have a time making their youngsters eat enough vitamins giving foods. Who, young or old, does not enjoy using things that he has had a hand in creating? The smallest garden in the world can produce enough for the youngest member of the family. Carrots make an especially lovely border in the flower garden.



In helping the child plan his garden, there are a few essentials that must be considered. The plot must be in a location where every bit gets some sunshine. The soil must be of the proper quality. A loam with enough admixture of sand to make the drainage good, is essential at the start. See that the soil is sweet. A little lime raked in about two weeks before planting, will be proof against having the seedlings rot or sour before their growth has well begun. If the land is good at the start, and has had one thorough turning over, or plowing by an adult, there is no reason why the child cannot thereafter manage alone, as far as actual labor is concerned. And his garden will reflect his efforts exactly.

However, it is up to the mother to guide her child in the arrangement of his garden, and in the choice of the varieties to be planted. Here the size of the plot, the age and strength of the child, and the amount to be expended are involved. The economic values may be learned in the purchase of supplies, as well as in the sale of plants

and flowers. Many children get a great deal of pleasure from earning their spending money in this way.

In the selection of vegetables, care should be taken that those be chosen which are acclimated, and which are not easily open to disease and insect pests. Also where the plot is small, those plants with tendencies to spread should be avoided. Squash, cucumbers, and melons take a great deal of space, and are hard to keep free from bugs. Onions grow well almost everywhere, as do bush or climbing varieties of peas and beans, lettuce, radishes, carrots, etc. Peas and beans are fine for even the flower garden, between seasons, as they nourish, rather than deplete the soil. If tomatoes are desired, it is most satisfactory to buy a few plants, rather than the seeds. If there is room, a corner may be partitioned off for strawberries. They are hardy almost everywhere, and require practically no care. All vegetables require a great deal of sunshine.

For the flower garden, we should strive to have something in bloom all the time, and to have a wide range of colors. (Our two-year-old baby learned her colors from the daisies, and the many shades of corn flowers, larkspur and petunias in our yard.) For early Spring iris grow easily and multiply rapidly. All colors may be obtained, in the most glorious combinations, but the cheaper varieties in white, purple, or yellow, are lovely, too. Violets for the shady nook, coreopsis, larkspur and Shasta daisies, for the sunshine, should be in the very newest Spring garden. Petunias for mid-summer, are fragrant and attractive. They look lovely combined in bouquet with budlea. Budlea is really a shrub, but it is so productive, and attracts so many butterflies, that it should have a corner in every garden. Morning glories are beautiful, but they spread rapidly and may easily become a nuisance. Nasturtiums are pleasant and colorful. However, in July it is very difficult to keep them free from aphids. Four o'clocks are a novelty for the children. Day lilies and canna are the most productive summer bulbs. Cosmos are glorious from September until frost. The chrysanthemum is the last flower before winter comes.

Gradually flowers more difficult to raise may be added to the little one's garden. Sweet william and calliopsis are biennials, but barring the need of patience to wait until the second season for blooming, they are very easy to grow. Canterbury bells, foxglove, and snapdragon are more tender. Columbine is just as satisfactory grown in shady places, as in the sun. Perennial poppies, pinks, hollyhocks, are a few of the

*Continued on page 543*

# Silver Cities of Yucatan

*An enchanting narrative of exploration and research in the book by Gregory Mason, which reveals some startling new discoveries of the highest aboriginal civilization on this continent*

CITIES cast in chaste, white-frosted limestone, palaces, pyramids, watch towers and observatories ranged along the Missouri at Council Bluffs would bring millions of reverent pilgrims from all over the world, yet they are not a mile more distant than prosaic Omaha.

Barely four hundred miles across the Gulf of Mexico lies the peninsula of Yucatan, the land of a lost civilization, a riddle challenging the highest order of intelligence.

Peeking provokingly through its tropical jungles, scattered far and wide all over its Northeastern plains and dotted along the promontories of the Eastern coast lie the ruined altars and hearth-stones of a culture that is gone.

Five Yanks—reg'lar fellers—young men and men who remain young, take a trip into the wilds fishing, hunting, exploring, charting, collecting; they send you a picture postcard entitled "Silver Cities of Yucatan" and inscribed it, "Great times, wish you were here."

For all their devil-may-care manner, science awaits the exhibition of birds and other creatures, hitherto unknown, collected by them. Serious marine draftsmen are carefully recording on ocean charts for the United States Government the exact information obtained by them for the guidance of seamen past treacherous shoals and dangerous coral reefs. Historians eagerly scan the photographs of newly discovered temples and mural paintings as well as the accounts of them told in simple language by these master craftsmen.

No sooner do you begin to read than you forget that you have a book in your hand. Instead, you are holding a harpoon, the spokes of a ship's steering wheel, or a twelve-gauge shot-gun. The printed page fades from your sight and you are scanning a chart—conning a course. There is a yeasty lather of foam on the hidden reef on your starboard beam. Palms and pines fringe the shore beyond. Yellow green seaweed floats on top, silvery sand lies at the bottom of the clear ocean.

In no scientific words is the story told—no dry mysterious terms from the massive dictionary—no pundit wisdom to make you feel an outsider. Instead you have the smooth, simple language of every day conversation flowing easily from fluent pen. Occasionally a pious New England remark—now and then, a Yankee cuss-word.

You realize that you are visiting places new and untrodden in the memory of white man. As the word-picture unfolds you realize that you have a reliable hypothesis of the origin, the life story of the ruined

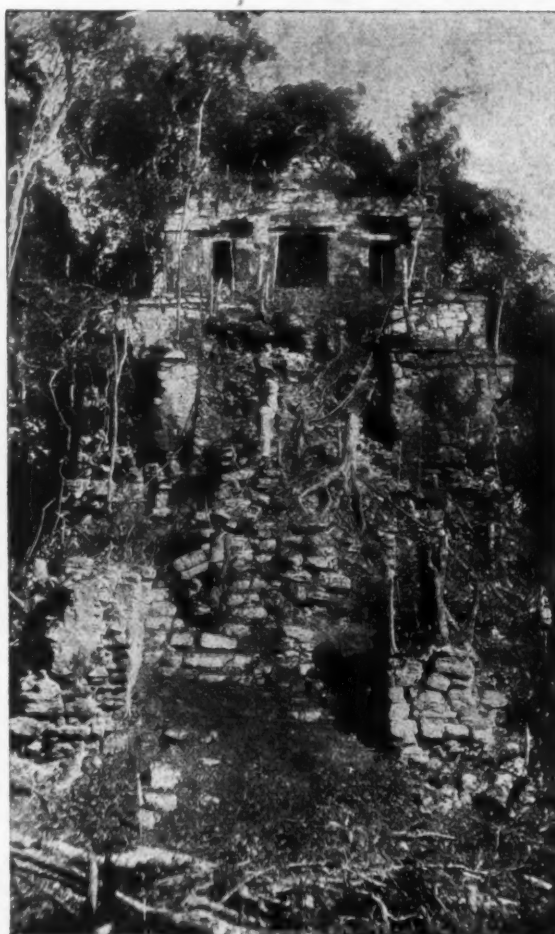
By JOHN J. HAROLD

shrines and of the people who tried to tell their story carved on frieze and painted on lintel. The tale of their passing is not yet.

Many causes have combined to withhold the piecing together of the story so far.

"Lest when our latest hope is fled  
Ye taste of our despair  
And learn by proof in one wild hour  
How much the wretched dare!"

Ten years ago it would have been impossible to set foot on these shores without looking into the murderous muzzle of a



A shrine discovered in pre-historic America. One of the magic spots sought by American explorers in Yucatan, seeking a land of a lost civilization to solve the riddle of an American past

The invading Spaniards found a race decadent, as if stricken by some National tragedy. Plunder was the object of the Spaniard—destruction his method. Ruthlessly obliterating the records of a culture superior to his own, the invader mercilessly oppressed the natives, until a people, gentle by nature, turned savagely on their tormentor, until at last the shrines of the gods of Maya and the Cathedrals of Christ face each other in silent reproach amid the humid jungles of Yucatan. One cannot help recalling the apt lines of Macaulay:

rifle, or up at a murderous machete swinging aloft in the hands of a murderous Indian.

They had had all they wanted to know of the outside world. It was a case of shoot first and inquire your business afterwards.

Even to-day there are forbidden cities of reputed inland inhabited by these same brutalized descendants of that refined race; and in no uncertain terms the guides told our explorers that no attempt to penetrate thither would be tolerated. The Mexican government officials of the present demo-



cratic regime are moving cautiously in changing the mental attitude of these people.

Most of what has been recorded up to now of the ruins on the East coast of Yucatan has been gathered by archaeologists who were obliged to sail along the shores out of gun shot range.

The present rich finds of the Mason-Spinden party were hidden back in the bush and

Kingsborough against the "Atlantis" theory of Plato—weighing, sifting, judging. So, feeling that you are privileged to sit in on the discussion you begin to fancy yourself an expert on the subject.

But whether you are robbing birds' nests with the irrepressible Griscom, or taking soundings and locating landmarks with McClurg—fishing with Whiting or hearing Mason and Spinden talking each other to

in morasses, digging bugs and ticks out of one another's hides.

Yet they calmly dispose of any suggestion that Mayan worship was Hebrew in its decency and devotion; that the painted lintels had any connection with the Jewish Passover; or that Chakalal was another Nineveh. With the same quiet positiveness they will tell you that the Mayan calendar is about as accurate as our own and from it they were able to fix dates of Mayan ruins more definitely than those of Stonehenge or the Mouse Tower at Bingen on the Rhine.

In this day and date when roaring presses discharge hourly their tons of print to satisfy the universal hunger for knowledge, it is easy to get literary indigestion. From the mass, however, the reader of discriminating taste will readily select this epicurean dainty—The Silver Cities of Yucatan.

The patched up auxiliary schooner, nosing her way over sand bars and through dangerous reefs, missing disaster by inches, the risky adventures undertaken in leaky boats, the lurking barracudas and crocodiles—all these went to make up the physical background while the fine spirit of comradeship led the ornithologist to become an archaeologist and the navigator to become both, in an environment that would make a human being out of a government official.

Still, the origin of the Mayans is as obscure as their fate. Sages who can tell you more about the giant Monolith in Central Park, New York, than the people who made it, may well pause and scratch their heads in Yucatan. The mental effort to piece together the information obtained, was no less than the physical effort to hack and slash away through the densely tangled bush, through malarial swamps alive with poisonous bugs, in order to reach the ruins.

Our adventurers are mighty nice people to know in New York or Boston, but if you want to love them, you must meet them stripped to the waist with knives in their teeth on the three mile limit in the Caribbean Sea.

The book is published by G. Putnam Sons, New York, \$3.50. One Volume Illustrated.



Gregory Mason and his expedition to Yucatan

even then when accompanied by local guides, the pictures and measurements were made under the argus eye of an armed and thoroughly suspicious savage who seemed to make his appearance from nowhere.

So one must not blame the earlier explorers who identified the ruins with those of Nineveh and the Yucatan hieroglyphics with those of Egypt. As you follow the reasonings of Spinden, you find yourself arguing "the Lost Tribes" idea of Lord

death you feel honored to belong to this gang of interesting vagabonds.

Imagine these seers to whom the glyphs of the Nile are as familiar as poker terms—these savants who can identify the signature of Sennacherib on a broken tile from Assyria, and who could hand you Chephren's opinion of himself out of a bucketful of Egyptian Scarabs, laughing at one another's scrubby growth of beard, chaffing each other as they floundered waist deep



# What "Zonta" Means to Women

*An organization with the Indian symbol "Z," composed of women who are making their mark in professions, art, business, industry and science—Facing the realities of the real progress of the race*

ROTARY has a sister. This will be news to many people for, while there has been no attempt to shroud her with secrecy, there has been no boastful parading of the young lady. She is only eight years old, but she is enjoying an unusually healthy and happy growth and is rapidly becoming a very important person. Not that there is anything arrogant about her, for she is too well bred for that. Her brain would do credit to a much older and larger body. Despite her years, she has poise, judgment, amazing efficiency for one so young and self-assurance of the quiet kind that does not believe either in hiding its light under a bowl or being vulgarly assertive.

And with it all she is very feminine—exclusively so, in fact. When she grows up she will play a vital part in national affairs—as large a part, no doubt, as Rotary and Kiwanis combined, for she typifies and vivifies the principles of both of those organizations. And, as is often talked of above a whisper in sections far beyond the confines of Gath, when women are aroused and banded together in any good work, they are much more efficient and more influential than men. Even the men admit that.

Her name is Zonta. Leave it to the ladies to select a name that would at once suggest rippling rhythm and poetry and, of course, mystery, with all of the lure that goes with it. No use looking up a reference book to find what the name means unless you happen to have a dictionary handed down from the original Americans, who didn't have any. For your further information, then, Zonta is a Sioux word meaning Honest or

Trustworthy. The Z forms the center of the Zonta emblem, which is full of symbolism. One part of it is the Indian symbol for light or sunshine, or flash of light; another is the Indian sign meaning to stand with or to band together for a purpose; another, the Indian character for carrying a burden together; another represents shelter, indicating an indoor organization, which was a sign little used by the Indians, as most of their activities ran to the outdoors; and around all of these is the square, meaning on the square, honest and true. The whole is blended into an artistic design which represents exactly what Zonta stands for.

For Zonta is an organization of business and professional women; top-notchers, all of them, and most interesting, both individually and collectively. With the American passion for nutshell descriptions, they have been spoken of as "Ace Women," and the designation fits nicely, for they are all women who have attained stations that rise well above the mass of mankind, including womankind. They are women of brains and vision and ambition and initiative, who have done and are doing worth-while things in every consequential field of human activity; doing them quietly, efficiently, and, when necessary, aggressively; doing them quite as well as men could do them and in some cases better, even though they have taken it into their competent heads—not all of which are bobbed, though many of them are—to invade lines of endeavor that were for long years considered sacred to man, by men.

They don't care a hoot—not even half of

a puny hoot—for hoary old Tradition, these sure-of-themselves Zontians. In fact, they are not at all averse to taking a good hold on the whiskers of the allegorical figure and irreverently yanking them out by the roots. Nor are they any respecters of persons, unless those persons are well equipped with brains and have acquired the habit of using them constructively. Then they are respectful without regard to sex. If there happen to be times when they are disposed to be partial to women, the sex that once ruled but is now becoming downtrodden as it approaches senility should find it easy to excuse them, for the average man spends a good deal of time looking for an opportunity to doff his sombrero to some other man who has accumulated wealth or fame.

The organization of Zonta Clubs is based on an ideal, and it is systematically making idealism practical. Active membership is restricted to women who have "arrived"—to women who are owners or executives in some established business or members of some recognized profession. There are more than four hundred different classifications, from each of which there can be only one active member and two associate members. The most eligible woman in each business or profession is sought as a member and in the older Clubs there is always a waiting list. When a woman gives up business she is required to give up Zonta, to assure a live membership at all times.

In a general way, the aims of Zonta are closely akin to those of the men's Rotary Clubs. The primary purpose is to get business and professional women together, break





down the formalities, and have them really know each other and be friends; to be helpful, sympathetic, encouraging and charitable. Zontians are required to call each other by their first names and a fine is compulsory for every failure to obey this rule.

The Zonta creed is set forth as follows:

"Zonta is the embodiment of an ever-increasing faith in women by women. To be a Zontian a woman must be somebody and do something. No woman, no matter how big she may be elsewhere, is worth anything to Zonta unless she is honestly trying to be of service. The price of admission is the really cordial hand, the open heart, the generous soul and the courageous spirit.

"Zontians believe: That the world is in need of women who know how to play the game of life fairly; that honor among women is as desirable and as attainable a quality as that among men; that the spirit of co-operation and friendliness and camaraderie leads to saner social and moral standards; that the business and professional women of America, because of their many contacts with varied experiences, can play a larger, more intelligent and more active part in the social, educational, and spiritual order of the day by unifying their influence."

The following is Zonta's code:

1st—To honor my work and to consider it an opportunity for service.

2d—To increase the measure of that service by constant self-improvement.

3rd—To remember always that success is my goal and that a good conscience must accompany me all the way toward it.

4th—To be ambitious for the development of the business in which I am employed and for the improvement of its standards.

5th—To be convinced that unscrupulous means of gaining material advantage can bring nothing but failure to me and harm to others.

6th—To have toward all men and women the same attitude of fairness and square dealing that I have toward members of the Zonta Club.

7th—To keep ever before me the best of all creeds: "Whatsoever ye would that men

should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

The first Zonta Club was organized in Buffalo in 1919, through the instrumentality of Marian De Forest, who is widely known for her philanthropic and educational activities, and who first conceived the idea of an association of business and professional women that would be mutually helpful and of real service to the community. It started out to be a national organization, but it has since become international, with branches in Canada, Honolulu and South Africa, and Clubs in process of formation in other countries. In this country there are Zonta Clubs in Ann Arbor, Ashtabula, Auburn, N. Y., Binghamton, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Elmira, Erie, Flint, Mich.; Glens Falls, Grand Rapids, Hoboken, Ithaca, Jamestown, Jersey City, Kenmore, N. Y.; Lansing, Lasalle, Ill.; Lockport, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Moline, New York City, Niagara Falls, Oneida, Ottawa, Ill.; Rochester, Rome, N. Y.; St. Louis, St. Paul, Seattle, Syracuse, Toledo, Utica, Warren, Ohio; Washington, Watertown, and Watkins-Montour Falls, N. Y. Clubs in Alexandria Bay and Schenectady were admitted to membership at the annual Confederation of Zonta Clubs held in Washington last May. This meeting was attended by about six hundred women, representing a total membership of nearly two thousand.

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In all of these cities the Zonta Clubs are actively at work promoting social, civic, commercial and industrial development. They are helping each other and being of service in many ways. They are loaning money to deserving girls to enable them to complete their education, in school or in business college, training them for better positions, providing scholarships in schools and hospitals, furnishing nurses and attendants for the sick and the blind and taking a hand in everything that makes for civic betterment. As an example of their activities, the Minneapolis Zonta Club recently

provided the money to pay for a municipal organ. Except under such conditions, or where it is urgently needed, they do not believe in giving money outright, on the theory that donations tend to destroy self-respect, but they loan it freely to girls or women who merit assistance.

The New York City Zonta Club was organized in 1923 by a committee from the national organization headed by Marian de Forest. Its membership includes many of the most influential women in the city and it is typical of Zonta Clubs everywhere. Mrs. Marion T. Brockway of the Home Office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is its president. She is the only woman on the staff of the president of the company, and she reports directly to him. What she really is is "House Mother" to the ten thousand employees of the Metropolitan. She is wise, kindly, sympathetic and understanding, having raised two daughters of her own. All of the employees, girls and women and men and boys, take their troubles, whether business or purely personal, to her and she advises them. Any employee who goes to her with a proper complaint is certain of a square deal, of the Zonta kind.

Mrs. Brockway is training her girls so they can better their positions and educating them for the home. For, she says, "homes are more important than offices, and most wives today come from offices or factories." She has instituted classes in dress-making and millinery, which are free to the girls after business hours. An average of three hundred girls attend these classes every month. There are also free classes in stenography, typing and business English, which enables an ambitious employee who starts in as a clerk to soon win promotion. Mrs. Brockway has charge of all of the social and recreational activities. It would be difficult to imagine a more generally helpful human being than Mrs. Brockway, or one happier in her work. She is a graduate nurse from Johns Hopkins Hospital and during the war was head nurse at United States Army Debarkation Hospital No. 3, from



which she went to the Metropolitan, where she really created her own position.

Mrs. Lois Peirce-Hughes, who might be called "House Mother" of the McAlpin Hotel, is another Zontian who created her own opportunity and carved a unique niche for herself in the women's hall of fame. She conceived the idea of making American hotel service perfect by adding to it a personal service for women guests. Practically every hotel manager in New York rejected her suggestion, smilingly, as "only the whim of a woman." But she finally "sold" her idea to the management of the McAlpin six months before the hotel was completed, to the extent that they consented to give it a fair trial. The whole sixth floor, with its seventy-five rooms, was fitted up exclusively for women, something that had never before been done in any hotel in the world, and before the end of the trial period was reached the plan had proved such a great success that it was made permanent, and Mrs. Hughes has had a free hand ever since. She is hostess to all women guests, and while she is always ready to serve all guests, the sixth floor is her exclusive domain. There is a handsomely furnished reception room, in which women receive callers of either sex, a large library, hair-dressing parlors and indoor and outdoor playrooms, where children entertain themselves, under the direction of watchful nurses, while their mothers are busy elsewhere. Club women register with Mrs. Hughes and are introduced at any clubs they wish to visit. The hostess is an unfailing source of information on all subjects. Women are accompanied on shopping or sight-seeing tours and unattended girls are met at trains by competent chaperones, looked after while they are in the city, and put on ships or trains at the right time.

But, adhering to the Zonta principles, Mrs. Hughes' helpfulness extends beyond her duties as hostess. On the theory that "food is man's motive power" and that it is the natural desire of every woman to please and encourage some man, she developed the idea of improving the preparation of food. With many misgivings, at first, the chef of the McAlpin consented to help her, and a committee from the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs gladly co-operated. The result was that five hundred women assembled in the grand ballroom at the McAlpin to listen to a talk on "Art in Cookery" by the chef. Then he conducted a practical demonstration by having one of his assistants prepare a planked steak while another made a candy basket. This created so much interest that the chef subsequently, in response to urgent invitations, repeated

the performance before a number of New York and New Jersey Women's Clubs and at Teachers College and at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Many men have called down blessings on the head of Mrs. Hughes as a result of food delicacies they have enjoyed through her instrumentality. Showing again that Zonta was not created for the enjoyment of women alone, but for the improvement of the race.

The principal moving spirits in the formation of the New York Zonta Club were Helen Innis, Eleanor Kerr, and Emily Street. Helen Innis is a heating engineer, which is a



Mrs. M. T. Brockway, President New York Zonta

novel occupation for a woman. She is the only one of her sex in New York and one of the three women in the United States who are members of the Society of Heating and Lighting Engineers. She has designed and furnished steam heating equipment for several large buildings and industrial plants.

Eleanor Kerr is manager of the statistical department of Potter & Co., a large Wall Street house, in which position she takes care of and secures all information on stocks and bonds, analyzes securities and situations and investigates and advises regarding old and new issues. She is author of "Effects of Wars and Revolutions on Government Securities," which is looked on as an authority here and abroad. She is president of the Women's Bond Club of New York, and has lectured on finance at New York and Columbia Universities.

Emily Street is advertising manager for the publishing house of Frederick A. Stokes. She recently supervised the compilation of a unique historical work concerning the firm and its authors over a period of forty-five years, which attracted much attention.

Katherine S. Dreier is a futurist artist of world-wide reputation. She was sent abroad last year by the Brooklyn Museum to collect the best examples of modern art. She returned with six hundred pieces, which were displayed at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences as the most unusual International Exhibition of Modern Art ever brought together in this country.

Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, who was the first President of the New York Zonta Club, is a physician who has won distinction at home and abroad. During the World War she not only offered her services, but asked to be sent "where there was the greatest need for doctors." She was assigned to Serbia, where the danger was as great and the difficulties much greater than in many other sections. She threw herself into the war on death and disease with all of her force and enthusiasm and with signal success. After the war, with the co-operation of the Zonta Club, she brought a party of young Serbians to this country and had them educated in different colleges and universities. They have since returned to their own country where they introduced American methods in the educational system. Dr. Morton was also largely instrumental in the establishment of a Serbian mission in this country, through which trade has been extended and the two nations brought more closely together.

Harriet Frismuth is a noted sculptor, some of whose work has been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Olive Stott Gabriel is an eminent lawyer. Carolyn Beebe is the founder of the New York Chamber Music Society. Princess Chiquilla comes from the royal house of the Cheyenne Indians. She visits the Cheyennes in Montana every year and assists them in the sale of their products in the East. She has established a headquarters in New York as a center of sociability and helpfulness for young Indians who are in the city, working or studying. Sarka B. Harbkova is manager of the Czecho-Slovakian Bureau in New York and has translated a number of stories from the Slav language.

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These are only a few of the interesting women who make up the New York Zonta Club. They are representative of Zontians throughout the country, who are not only being something, but doing something.





# Affairs and Folks

*A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events*

IF there is one man who is identified with the development of literature in Iowa, it is Johnson Brigham, the State Librarian and President of the Iowa Library Association. He is the courageous soul who many years ago launched a magazine known as the *Midland Monthly*. It did much to crystallize the literary work of Iowa and inspired many of the young authors who have since become famous.

Ever since the days when he edited a newspaper, Johnson Brigham has been of strong literary bent. During his 45 years' residence in the State he has watched that rare and promising plant of Iowa literature root, bud and blossom. Prior to this time there were few books written by Iowa people. Since that time there has been an avalanche of production.

Mr. Brigham was a great friend of Robert J. Burdette, Iowa's first humorist of national reputation, and the author of "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache." Then came Alice French (Octave Thanet), Hamlin Garland, Emerson Hough, Herbert Quick, Edna Ferber, Rupert Hughes, Alfred Bigelow Paine, Edwin L. Sabin, Carl Van Vechtin, Trumbull White and a coterie of Iowa authors, who attracted world-wide attention and created the Iowa school which now includes nearly one hundred names.

During all these years Mr. Brigham has been the unselfish and devoted spirit that has encouraged Iowa authors until they rival in number and productivity that of the famous Hoosier school.

He has even introduced in the schools a series of biographical sketches and literary offerings beginning with sixteen of the best-known Iowa authors, which evinces the faith of Johnson Brigham that Iowa has arrived in a literary way, as well as in the production of the farms.

Iowa contains less illiteracy and more land under cultivation than any contiguous area in the United States.

More power to the strong right arm and influence of the like of Johnson Brigham!

Mr. Brigham has been a contributor as well as promoter of literature. The numerous periodicals to which he has been a contributor include not only the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, but also the *Century*, the *Forum*, and various other periodicals. He has also dabbled in poetry. A Ruskin Anthology includes a poem by him, and a recent Sea Anthology, published in London, includes a sonnet by him, entitled "Far Inland Though I Be."

His contributions to Iowa history include a *Life of James Harlan*, prepared from Harlan MSS. loaned him by Robert

T. Lincoln, the senator's son-in-law; also a history of Des Moines, and "Iowa: Its History and Its Foremost Citizens." Other works by him are: "The Banker in Literature," and "An Old Man's Idyl." A novel with a historic background, entitled "The Sinclairs of Old Fort Des Moines," is now in a New York publisher's hands.

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PERCY GRAINGER, one of the foremost figures in the world of music today, was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1882. He is slightly above medium height and of slender build. His sensitive, delicately chiseled features mark him a genius, while his fair hair and piercing blue eyes portray his Anglo-Saxon blood, and give a haunting impression of Shelley.

At the age of five, Mr. Grainger started his musical career, and at ten he had so far conquered the piano as to have created numerous compositions; and the next two years, he earned sufficient money as concert virtuoso to pay the passage of himself and mother to Frankfort, Germany. There he went to work quite seriously under a Dutch instructor, the Maestro Kkwast, and his mother lent her support for the next five years teaching English.

At seventeen, they went to London on account of Mrs. Grainger's delicate health. To Balfour Gardiner, the English composer, we owe the happy inspiration, linked with tenacity, of convincing Mr. Grainger that the world would be eager and thrilled to hear what he had to give. Mr. Grainger had set his fortieth year as the time when his compositions should first be played, and at that time he was only thirty; but his mother, fearing that she would not live to hear them, lent her support to the pleas and insistence of Balfour Gardiner, and needless to say, Mr. Grainger's resolutions were vanquished and the performance took place.

Almost over night his name became known and the pieces he feared were too revolutionary to be accepted "caught on" and spread like wild fire, creating for him a unique position among the composers of the day.

The lure of the Gypsy is one of Mr. Grainger's predominant characteristics. Although he has a home at White Plains, New York, he uses it merely as a place to store and keep his belongings, stopping there when chance takes him in that direction; and he arrives and leaves with no anticipation or regret. When his mother was alive, she traveled with him, and it was a



Johnson Brigham, Iowa State Librarian and Nestor of Mid-West Libraries

characteristic of each to thrill at the sight of a railway station—the signal that they were “on their way.”

Solitary rambles through woods and fields appeal strongly to this shy nature-lover. There he is free to wander and commune with the trees and brooks, and possibly, on a train the following day, he may seize the opportunity of weaving the secrets he has gleaned into a little masterpiece for the worshiper of beautiful things to admire.



Percy Grainger, the well-known composer

Of his confreres, he considers Frederick Delius the most eminent composer. Delius, an Englishman by birth, although of German parentage, attained his prominence in the world of music through his studies in Germany under Reinecke and Jadassohn. Of his own compositions, Grainger's first choice is: “Hill Songs I and II;” then the “Marching Songs of Democracy”; “English Dance”; and the “Bride's Tragedy.” Mr. Grainger never composes for the piano alone, as his ideals of democracy go as far as to disallow the idea of taking one instrument and either glorifying it or allowing it to have a monopoly over the others. Many of his compositions, however, have been arranged by others for the piano.

Mr. Grainger never suffers from stage fright, either when he is playing or conducting. With his art, his near friends, or musicians, he is perfectly at home, but crowds terrify him and make him miserable.

He believes that a child is fully developed artistically, at the age of six, and then, if ever, it should be taught the language of music. Any child properly instructed and reared in a musical environment can learn not only to play an instrument, but to compose music—to what extent depends on his own talents. Although Mr. Grainger admits his mother was musical, he claims it was his association with her rather than inheritance from her that inspired his musical talent.

Percy Grainger is essentially and primarily a naturalist. His greatest relaxation and pleasure is derived from the sea, whether aboard an ocean liner, the yacht of a friend, or a freighter, it is the ever-changing, challenging sea calling to him. He would be happy to lead the life of a com-

mon sailor that he might study and watch more closely the restless tides.

MARGUERITE YOUNG HARPER.

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IN these turbulent days when the hectic rush of business and pleasure strains one's nerves and body to the breaking point, thousands of people will welcome with open arms, that instructive and uplifting book, “Through the Fog,” by Dr. F. P. Millard. It is thoroughly understandable, entirely free from mystical medical terms, and written in an easy conversational style by a man who is a recognized authority on his subject. He not only tells us how to keep well by giving careful consideration to what we eat, but the effect our everyday thoughts and habits have on our physical welfare. He states that one of the most tiresome things in the world is “standing around,” that it detracts from mental alertness and uses up much more energy than an equal time spent in doing something. Although he is an advocate of regular exercise, he warns against over-doing it, saying that once the body is severely strained, it can never be brought back to the same high point of normality that existed before the strain took place.

Dr. Millard is known for his “pat” sayings, and is able to express in a few words, as much as most people could in a few pages. All this, of course, adds to the value of the book, and keeps it at a high point of interest throughout. The keen observer will notice real wit and humor snuggled into the enlightening lines.

The heavy hearts of “golf widows” who feel that their husbands are going to the dogs, will be lightened as they read Dr. Millard's optimistic view of the value of golf, so here it is.

“No recreation will take a man into closer touch with all that is beautiful in the great out-of-doors than the time-honored game of golf. Golf has made more real men than any other sport. It trains one to be ethical, tolerant and reveals true character. A man becomes a real man when he masters all the rules and ethics of golf. So thoroughly do these represent the ethics of living that the enthusiast will repeat with me, I know, this creed:

1. I believe it is possible for a man to play golf and not swear.
2. I believe God visits the golf course as well as other places.
3. I believe a golfer has been known to enter Heaven.”

Dr. Millard says that absent-mindedness is perfectly normal when the mind is occupied with anything that requires concentration, as “dreamers” are absent-minded and that dreamers have done some of the biggest things ever accomplished. A business man should not worry when he forgets to bring home some unessential thing that has been asked for by some member of the family. It is only when the mind is blank that a man should begin to worry.

“Through the Fog” will be a comfort and a help to the many thousands of people who read it and absorb its fine philosophy and suggestions. They will fall under the

cheery spell of the Genial Doctor who wrote it, and feel refreshed to take up the necessary and cast-off the unnecessary burdens of life.

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MY experience as a magazine editor has revealed that a large percentage of human beings have an ambition to write and have something published in a magazine or periodical. This is natural, because everyone has at least one life story that they would like to write and have printed in enduring form.

Analyze the ambition of the average newspaper writer and you find that he wants to write a story or an article for magazines in general and *The Saturday Evening Post* in particular.

The magazine has ever been the vestibule or training school for modern authors. The periodical is the one printed medium that



Dr. F. P. Millard, author of “Through the Fog”

reaches all sorts and conditions of people in all parts of the country at the same time. If contributing to magazines is a universal impulse, advertising in magazines is necessarily the vanguard of large appropriations used in exploiting any product.

Magazines were the first great stimulus for wide-spread reading of permanent literature. They have been the chief stimulus for the tremendous book sales that have followed in recent years and have furnished most of the plots for motion picture scenarios. In the quietude of the home the magazine passes from one member of the family to another and its contents and ads are commented on in the home circle. It has a longevity as compared to finding yesterday's newspaper. It goes on its way from the home to the hospitals, reading rooms, and the Salvation Army. There are magazines five and ten years old that are read with the avidity of a last edition, because they contain material that lives and binds the months as well as the passing years together. The boys and girls and others preparing papers for literary clubs and other occasions find the old magazines an indispensable reference.



# The Romance and Realities of Radio

*Observations by one of the younger Senators of today, taking as a matter of fact what their elders look upon as miracles—The practical spirit of youth has its own visions and views of the life they are to live*

By EILEEN HAROLD

A FEW days before Christmas, Winifred was fervently hoping that Santa Claus would bring her a pogo stick. Daddy was mightily amused and said, "Tell you what, Wyn, I'll buy you the pogo stick if you shout up the chimney that Santa Claus is an old bum."

"No fear, nothing doing!" she responded, "Santa Claus would never bring me another toy."

"But he wouldn't hear you," to which Winifred replied, "Oh wouldn't he just! He's got radio on his ears."

That was it. What Daddy had been trying to bring out in words, we young people of to-day accepted radio as we accept all other modern miracles,—in the light of accomplished fact of every day use. But to Daddy it is still a thrilling, unbelievable miracle although he himself lectured on wireless twenty years ago on the public platforms.

How perfectly we assimilate the impressions of our growing years. We feel that radio is mature because it is older than we are, and we youngsters have our own pet notions as to how grown up we ourselves are.

With radio photography we have a different story. The pictures are just the crudest of impressions—yet how we dwell upon the radiophotos of Lindbergh's reception in Paris, which, though they are not by any means works of art, they are certainly masterpieces of science.

No inventor of the past would have dared to publish his invention in that crude state except at the imminent peril of ruin and ridicule. The phonograph and the telephone were much further advanced and much more mechanically perfect than the present state of radiophotography before they became commercial possibilities, and even then no one dreamed of the future that lay before them.

A short while ago an exalted dignitary in *The Vatican of Voice* at 195 Broadway, New York, picked up his 'phone to speak to someone in Battle Creek, Michigan. Seated near his desk was a visitor who thrilled to realize the difference between this majestic service and his boyhood memories of:

"Hello, are you there?"

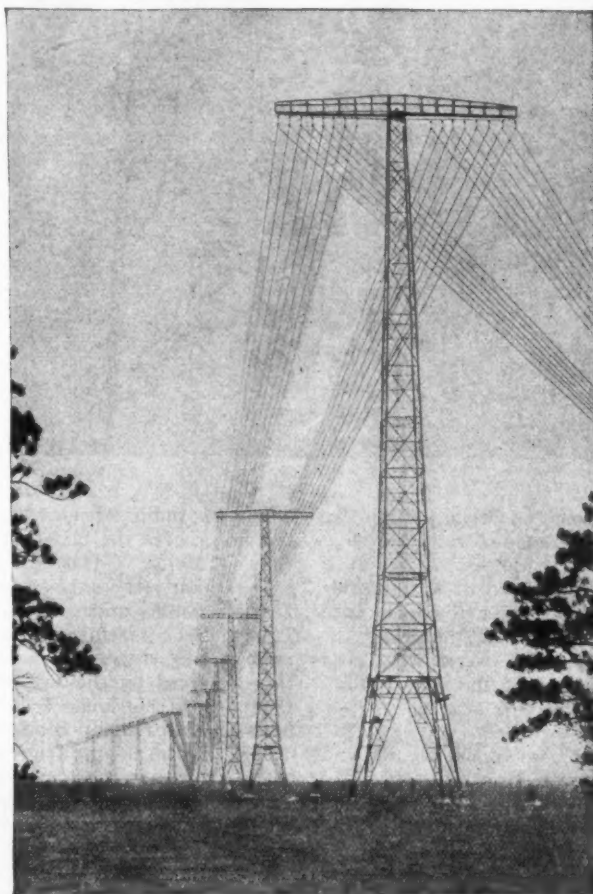
and when the receiver was hung up, he said, "Just to think that the original stock of that miracle could be bought for a few dollars."

"Yes," replied the telephone grandduke, "but it has been worked upon since."

Thirty years ago, in 1896, the bicycle boom was just reaching a craze. Would some of Imperial Britain's Prime Ministers care to be reminded that once they rode them

around Pall Mall and St. James'? That year the Klondike was discovered; so were X-rays published that Autumn. The flying machine was unheard of, phonographs,

perience. That is where the traffic laws and navigation laws come from—experience; and experience in radio could only be obtained by floating the industry down the tide of time and noting its behaviour and reaction under natural circumstances and conditions with as few restrictions and



Sentinels of world wide wireless

horseless carriages and "crowns of thorns and crosses of gold." Yet we think that Daddy should have foreseen the motorcycle cop; sixty miles an hour; the stiff fine and Drive-it-Yourself. (ALA)

Today we can see the man we are talking to and we know that he can see us, while we smile at the voice with the smile.

Is our mental attitude towards radio correct? Let us consider the present day state of things. A new line-up of broadcasting stations has taken place, a redistribution of wave lengths, new regulations adopted, in fact a lot of things which we thought "set" were upset, and apparently without sufficient reason. Yet no code of regulations could be compiled except through ex-

regulations as possible. That was of supreme importance—few regulations. At all costs development was to be encouraged to further exploit the idea; to provide incentive to research,—because to-day the rewards are immediate.

What a short step it was from tinkering with a five dollar crystal set to the designing and making up of neuterodynes and super-heterodynes. The development is not confined to expensively equipped laboratories. The spare room, the attic, the amateur's workshop; the high school student and the grammar school boy; the mechanic, the engineer, expert and amateur are all developing, experimenting and dreaming,—yes, the prerogative of the few, dreaming,

has now become the pastime of the many. The thrones of Marconi and DeForest are secure, but their crowns are not, and their sceptres are in constant peril; "every private in the ranks of radio has a field-marshal's baton in his tool kit."

The older generation looks on in bewilderment. Fools rushing in where angels fear to tread. What is a fool anyway? The lofty pinnacles and profound chasms of this abstruse branch of science are being explored irreverently, nay flippantly, by the masses, most of whom never got beyond grade school. Even H. G. Wells, master novelist and prophet who wrote of airplanes when there weren't any, and of wireless pictures and even wireless thought,

industry, who for years have watched the ceaseless flow of correspondence from the American public, know that the requests are more and more for programs of the higher type, and there is ample evidence of the fact that these are being met.

"Mr. Wells levels the shafts of his criticism primarily upon the British broadcasting system. Perhaps it would not be within the province of any American to comment upon his views, were it not for his practically wholesale condemnation of broadcasting generally. He limits the possible uses of broadcasting to the sick, to the lonely and to the suffering.

"Mr. Wells is pronounced in his ridicule of what he describes as the third-rate fea-

no advantage in the spoken word, which reaches both literates and illiterates; and no significance in the fact that radio, unlike any other system of communication, can speak with one voice, and at the same instant to countless multitudes of people.

"On the contrary, it is to the glory of radio that it has given the world the first system of broadcasting upon an unlimited scale. Any service transmitted to millions of homes must necessarily be based upon the greatest common denominator of public good. Broadcasting cannot hope to thrill the intellectually overfed or the spiritually jaded, but it can and does fulfill a splendid destiny in the field of mass entertainment and edification.

"It is more important to the progress of mankind that ten million men, through the slow process of general education, should rise in intellectual stature, even though a fraction of an inch, than that a few should be able to leap to the heights of Olympus; it is of greater consequence to the happiness of a nation that a million isolated homes throughout the country should be made vibrant with music transmitted by broadcasting stations than that a few should be thrilled by an exotic star on the concert stage.

"The critics who fix their thought upon the immediate limitations of the radio art," Mr. Sarnoff declared, "are taking their places with those who guffawed at the possibilities of the 'horseless carriage'; who considered the telephone as a mere toy, and the steam engine as merely a dangerous 'contraption.'"

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In the physics classes of our high schools the subject of Radio is kept up to the minute, what with the number of publications that have been launched to handle radio alone outside of the technical and scientific magazines which have their radio departments.

Notes, opinions, correspondence and ideas are freely exchanged, have held a vast influence in the progress made. Radio is something that is not cornered or held by any special privilege. Radio Clubs in and out of our high schools are all devoted to spreading what knowledge of the subject we possess and are eagerly hunting for more.

As for radio bugs—they are legion. Did ever before in all history so many enthusiasts burn the midnight oil building radio sets and listening in for distant stations far into the night till the wee sma' hours? There do not seem to be many cases of golf widows airing their grievances aloud, but all over the world there are radio widows, who drag their spouses before the judge complaining that "for better or for worse"—it couldn't possibly be worse.

In those days the program didn't seem to count. The fans kept tuning and ticking until they caught something in the ether. What it was or who it was was of no consequence—of no interest, until the announcer called the name of the broadcasting station.

Next thing the tool box went to the floor with a crash as the enthusiast jumped from his chair to tell someone that he "brought in" Havana. Manila or London, and one can

Interior of  
WJZ Studio  
New York City



—in his recent attack on broadcasting proclaims that the avalanche of radio development has swept even himself off his feet. Nothing that could be said of the attitude of the hansom cab to the fourteen tube set, could be more eloquent than what he himself wrote only a few weeks ago. His mental attitude is one of the outstanding, startling facts of modern science.

\* \* \*

In a masterly address to the faculty and students of Syracuse University, Colonel Sarnoff of the Radio Corporation of America replied to the widely published article by Mr. Wells in which the latter attacked broadcasting as an art of little consequence to civilization. Mr. Wells characterized radio as an "inferior substitute for better systems of transmitting news or evoking sound"; he inveighed against the broadcasting system in England, and predicted that it would not be long before radio stations would be transmitting their programs to a phantom army of non-existent listeners.

"It is difficult to understand how a brilliant mind that could foresee so many modern inventions could have reached such extraordinary conclusions about radio," Mr. Sarnoff said. "The fundamental basis of broadcasting is a service to the many, not to the few. Broadcasting is, and must be, a thoroughly democratic institution dedicated to the service of the general listening public. Its cultural and educational influence is constantly increasing. We, in the

tures of radio broadcasting in England, but he ignores the fact that such great artists as Melba, Tetrassini, Chaliapin, Paderevski and others have broadcast to the British public under the auspices of the British Broadcasting Company; he fails to mention the truly great work of organization achieved by the British Broadcasting Company in his home country and the interest manifested by Sir Oliver Lodge and others in developing the educational aspects of broadcasting in England.

"Through what other medium of communication could a musical, cultural and entertainment service have been rendered to many millions of homes throughout the world? What other instrumentality developed by man bears a greater unifying force? By what means of communication could we have hoped to reach simultaneously and effectively unnumbered thousands of isolated homes throughout the country, with the same message of education, information or service now rendered by radio broadcasting?

"And yet, radio still suffers from a certain amount of intellectual snobbery aimed at broadcasting. It is too universal, it is claimed, by some to be truly valuable; it serves too vast an audience to maintain a high standard of service. There are those, apparently, who see no merit in music unless rendered by a few gilded favorites of the operatic or concert stage to an exclusive audience; no value in general education;



imagine the profound interest displayed by friend wife as he awakened her from a sound sleep to tell her the news; and when asked he couldn't tell her what Pedro or John Bull had said, all he could say was that the announcer had said "London." Then the wife started to broadcast her opinion of radio in general and her better or worse half in particular.

What a mess was the amateur's receiving set of a bare five years ago. A strip of pine board screwed to a base piece, and on them were spraddled a weird, cock-eyed mess of semi-scientific looking coils and scraps of bell wire—enough to send a case-hardened bootlegger on the water wagon! Reminiscing over these sets that are shown us with pride, we wonder if an electrician's scrap pile would act as a receiving set; and if a half-way decent loud speaker were thrown on the heap we wouldn't be the least bit surprised to hear the notes of Gallucurci pealed forth in all their glory.

As long as the operator turned a knob and got something unexpected, nine times out of ten he got a new thrill, and what is far more important, he was receiving a university education that would make the shade of Michael Faraday green with envy. For it was with many of these crude contraptions that the by-ways of radio were charted,—to a far greater extent than the researches at the broadcasting station,—emphasizing again the trite fact that it is the listener who learns more than the talker.

At the research laboratories of the big companies such as the Radio Corporation of America, Atwater Kent, De Forest, Stromberg-Carlson and others of eminence in the radio field, the transmitter and the receiving set keeps abreast of each other in development. There are numbers of good receiving sets still in use which lack the latest refinements, consequently the modern broadcasting station does not always get a fit reception and good programs are often spoiled by defective receivers.

The ultimate object aimed at is reproducing exactly in the home the sounds made on the stage unadulterated by influences from either instrument. When the greatest care is being taken by all transmitting stations to reach the ultimate, interpreting every note and every quality of each note in harmony with all the rest,—such perfection is entitled to the best in receiving sets, and the best is none too good. The telephone has not the range of frequency sufficient to compass the sibilant sounds of "S" and "F"; no effort was spared to get rid of the scratching of the phonograph needle; we demand the best plate-glass for our domestic mirrors; the curved distorting mirrors belong to Coney Island.

### THE CHRONOLOGY OF RADIO

#### Important Events in Radio—Peaks in the Waves of Wireless Progress

- 1827.—Savary found that a steel needle could be magnetized by the discharge from a Leyden jar.  
 1831.—Faraday discovered electromagnetic induction between two entirely separate circuits.  
 1837.—The first patent for an electric telegraph was taken out by Cooke and Wheatstone (London) and by Morse (United States).  
 1838.—Steinheil discovered the use of the earth return.  
 1840.—Henry first produced high frequency electric oscillations and pointed out that the discharge of a condenser is oscillatory.  
 1842.—Morse made wireless experiments by electric conduction through water.

1843.—Lindsay suggested that if it were possible to provide stations not more than 20 miles apart all the way across the Atlantic, there would be no need of laying a cable.

1845.—Lindsay made experiments in transmitting messages across the River Tay by means of electricity or magnetism, without submerging wires, using the water as a conductor.

1849.—Wilkins revived the same suggestions for wireless telegraphy.

Dr. O'Shaughnessy succeeded in passing intelligible signals without metallic conduction across a river 4,200 feet wide.

1862.—Hewyorth patented a method of conveying electric signals without the intervention of any continuous artificial conductor.

1867.—Maxwell read a paper before the Royal Society in which he laid down the theory of electromagnetism, which he developed more fully in 1873 in his great treatise on electricity and magnetism. He predicted the existence of the electric waves that are now used in wireless telegraphy.

1870.—Von Bezold discovered that oscillations set up by a condenser discharge in a conductor give rise to interference phenomena.

1872.—Highton made various experiments across the River Thames with Morse's method.

1879.—Hughes discovered the phenomena on which

Stevenson of the Northern Lighthouse Board, Edinburgh, advocated the use of an inductive system for communication between the mainland and isolated lighthouses.

Branly devised an appliance for detecting electromagnetic waves, which was known as a coherer.

1894.—Rathenau experimented with a conductive system of wireless telegraphy and signalled through 3 miles of water.

1895.—Smith established communication by conduction with the lighthouse on the Fastnet.

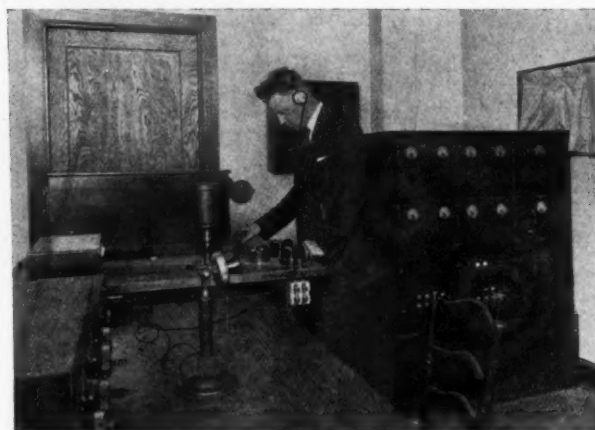
Marconi's investigations led him to the conclusion that Hertzian waves could be used for telegraphing without wires.

1896.—Marconi lodged his application for the first British patent for wireless telegraphy. He conducted experiments in communicating over a distance of 1½ miles successfully.

The first demonstration of directional wireless using reflectors was given in England. Experiments were conducted to determine the relative speed of propagation of light waves and the electric vibrations which actuated a receiver at a distance of 1½ miles between reflectors.

1897.—March: Marconi demonstrated communication being established over a distance of 4 miles.

March 17: Balloons were first used for the suspension of wireless aërials.



Control room of dual station WJZ-WJY

depend the action of coherer. The coherer was later used practically by Marconi.

1880.—Trowbridge found that signaling might be carried on over considerable distances by electric conduction through the earth or water between places not metallically connected.

1882.—Bell's experiments with Trowbridge method on the Potomac River resulted in the detection of signals at a distance of 1½ miles.

Professor Dolbear was awarded a United States patent in March, 1882, for wireless apparatus in connection with which he made the statement that "electrical communication, using this apparatus, might be established between points certainly more than one-half mile apart, but how much farther I can not say." It appeared that Professor Dolbear made an approach to the method that was, subsequently in the hands of Marconi, to be crowned with success.

1883.—Fitzgerald suggested a method of producing electromagnetic waves in space by the discharge of a conductor.

1885.—Edison, assisted by Gilliland, Phelps and Smith, worked out a system of communication between railway stations and moving trains by means of induction and without the use of conducting wires. Edison took out only one patent on long-distance telegraphy without wires. The application was filed May 23, 1885, at the time he was working on induction telegraphy, but the patent (No. 465971) was not issued until December 29, 1891. In 1903 it was purchased from him by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co.

Preece made experiments at Newcastle-on-Tyne which showed that in two completely insulated circuits of square form, each side being 400 yards, placed a quarter of a mile apart, telephonic speech was conveyed from one to the other by induction.

1886.—Dolbear patented a plan for establishing wireless communication by means of two insulated elevated plates, but there is no evidence that the method proposed by him did, or could, effect the transmission of signals between stations separated by any distance.

1887.—Hertz showed that electromagnetic waves are in complete accordance with the waves of light and heat, and founded the theory upon which all modern radio signaling devices are based.

Heavieside established communication by telephonic speech between the surface of the earth and the subterranean galleries of the Broomhill Collieries, 350 feet deep, by laying above and below ground two complete metallic circuits, each about 2½ miles in length, and parallel to each other.

1889.—Thompson suggested that electric waves were particularly suitable for the transmission of signals through fogs and material objects.

1891.—Trowbridge suggested that by means of magnetic induction between two separate and completely insulated circuits communication could be effected between distances.

1892.—Preece adopted a method which united both conduction and induction as the means of affecting one circuit by the current in another. In this way he established communication between two points on the Bristol Channel and at Lochness in Scotland.

July 10-18: Marconi maintained communication between the shore and a ship at sea at distances up to 10 miles.

September and October: Apparatus was erected at Bath, England, and signals received from Salisbury, 34 miles distant.

November 1: First Marconi station erected at the Needles, Alum Bay, Isle of Wight. Experiments were conducted covering a range of 14½ miles.

December 6: Signals transmitted from shore to ship at sea, 18 miles distant.

December 7: First floating wireless station was completed.

1898.—June 3: The first paid radiogram was transmitted from the Needles (Isle of Wight) station.

July 20-22: Events of the Kingstown regatta in Dublin reported by wireless for Dublin newspaper from steamer Flying Huntress.

1899.—April 22: The first French gunboat was fitted with wireless telegraph apparatus at Boulogne.

July: During the naval manoeuvres three British warships equipped with Marconi apparatus interchanged messages at distances up to 74 nautical miles (about 85 land miles).

The international yacht races which took place in September and October were reported by wireless telegraphy for the New York Herald. At the conclusion of the races series of trials were made between the United States cruiser *New York* and the battleship *Massachusetts*, signals being exchanged between the vessels at distances up to 36 miles. On the return journey from America Marconi fitted the steamship *St. Paul* with his apparatus, and on November 15 established communication with the Needles station when 36 miles away.

Reports of the progress of the war in South Africa were telegraphed to the vessel and published in a leaflet entitled "The Transatlantic Times," printed on board.

1900.—February 18: The first German commercial wireless station was opened on Borkum Island.

February 28: The first German liner fitted with wireless apparatus communicated with Borkum Island over a range of 60 miles.

November 2: The first wireless land station in Belgium was finished at Lapanne.

Between 1900 and 1905 Dr. De Forest was granted numerous patents in the United States and other countries for inventions connected with wireless telegraphy.

1901.—January 1: The bark *Medora* was reported by wireless as waterlogged on Ratel Bank. Assistance was immediately sent.

January 19: The *Princesse Clementine* ran ashore, and news of the accident was telegraphed to Ostend by wireless.

February 11: Communication was established between Niton Station, Isle of Wight, and the Lizard station, a distance of 196 miles.

March 1: A public wireless telegraph service was inaugurated between the five principal islands of the Hawaiian group, viz., Oahu, Kauai, Molaki, Maui, and Hawaii.

October 15: The first fan aërials were erected for experiments between Poldhu and Newfoundland.

December 12: The letter "S" was received by Mar-

coni from Poldhu, England, at St. Johns, Newfoundland, a distance of 1,800 miles.

Prof. R. A. Fessenden applied for United States patent on September 28 for "Improvements in apparatus for the wireless transmission of electromagnetic wave, said improvements relating more especially to the transmission and reproduction of words or other audible signals." It appears that in connection with this apparatus there was contemplated the use of an alternating-current generator having a frequency of 50,000 cycles per second. Professor Fessenden was granted a number of United States patents between 1889 and 1905 covering devices used in connection with radiotelegraphy.



RCA  
installation on  
steamship  
"Leviathan"

1901-1904.—During this period Dr. John Stone was granted more than 70 United States patents covering radiotelegraphy.

1901-1905.—More than 40 United States patents were granted to Harry Shoemaker covering certain apparatus used for communication.

1902.—February: Steamship *Philadelphia*, American Line, received messages a distance of 1,551½ statute miles and received Morse signals up to a distance of 2,099 statute miles from Poldhu station, Cornwall, England.

June 25: The first moving wire magnetic detector actuated by clockwork was installed on the Italian cruiser *Carlo Alberto*.

July 14-16: Marconi received messages from Poldhu on the Italian cruiser *Carlo Alberto*, lying at Cape Skagen, a distance of 800 miles; and at Kronstadt, 1600 miles.

December: On the 17th the first wireless message was transmitted across the Atlantic. On the 18th wireless messages were despatched from Cape Breton station to King Edward VII.

1903.—January 19: President Roosevelt sent a trans-Atlantic radiogram to King Edward via Cape Cod and Poldhu stations.

March 30: First transoceanic radiogram was published in the London Times.

August 4: First International Radiotelegraphic Conference was held at Berlin. Poulsen patented the improved arc oscillation generator, using a hydrocarbon atmosphere and a magnetic field.

1904.—January 20: The first press message was transmitted across the Atlantic.

August 15: The wireless telegraph act of Great Britain was passed.

November 16: Dr. J. Ambrose Fleming took out his original patent No. 24850 for thermionic valves.

1905.—In October of this year erection of Clifden, Ireland, high-power radio station was commenced.

1906.—Doctor De Forest was granted a patent on January 18 for a vacuum rectifier, commercially known as the audion.

Second International Radiotelegraphic Convention was held at Berlin, and a convention was signed by a majority of the principal countries of the world.

Dunwoody discovered the rectifying properties of carbondum crystals and Pickard discovered the similar properties of silicon crystals. These discoveries formed the basis of the widely used crystal detectors.

1907.—October 17: Trans-Atlantic stations at Clifden and Glace Bay were opened for limited public service.

1908.—February 3: Trans-Atlantic radio stations were opened to the general public for the transmission of messages between the United Kingdom and the principal towns in Canada.

In carrying out his invention Professor Fessenden constructed a high-frequency alternator with an output of 2.5 kilowatts at 225 volts and with a frequency of 70,000 cycles per second. Later Professor Fessenden reported successful wireless telephonic communication between his station located at Brant Rock, Mass., and Washington, D. C., a distance of about 600 miles.

1909.—The steamship *Republic*, after colliding with the steamship *Florida* off the coast of the United States on January 23, succeeded in calling assistance by wireless, with the result that all her passengers and crew were saved before the vessel sank.

1910.—The steamship *Principessa Mafalda* received messages from Clifden at a distance of 4,000 miles by day and 6,735 miles by night. On April 23 the Marconi Transatlantic (Europe-America) service was opened.

June 24: Act approved by the United States Government requiring radio equipment and operators on certain passenger-carrying vessels.

1911.—July 1: Radio service organized in Department

of Commerce and Labor to enforce the act of June 24, 1910.

1912.—F. A. Kolster, of the Bureau of Standards, invented and developed the Kolster decimeter, which is used to make direct measurements of wave length and logarithmic decrement. This instrument has been used by the radio service of the Department of Commerce since it was invented.

Early in the year the American Marconi Co. absorbed the United Wireless Co., of the United States.

In February the Marconi Co. procured the patents of Bellini and Tosi, including those for the wireless direction finder.

On February 9 the Australian Commonwealth station was opened.

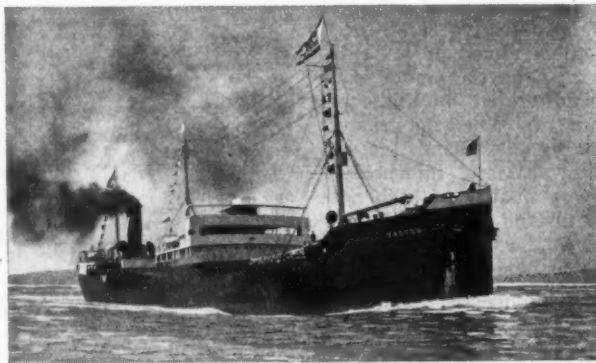
On April 15 the steamship *Titanic*, on her maiden voyage, struck an iceberg and sank, but, owing to the prompt wireless call for assistance, the lives of more than 700 of her passengers were saved.

The International Radiotelegraphic Conference opened in London on June 4 and approved important regulations to have uniformity of practice in wireless telegraph services. On July 5 the International Radiotelegraphic Convention was signed at London.

July 23: Act approved by the United States Government extending act of June 24, 1910, to cover cargo vessels and requiring auxiliary source of power, efficient communication between the radio room and the bridge, and two or more skilled radio operators in charge of the apparatus on certain passenger-carrying vessels.

August 13: Act approved by the United Government licensing radio operators and transmitting stations.

1913.—F. A. Kolster submitted to the Government a paper pointing out the advantages of certain applications of radio signaling for use at lighthouses, lightships, and life-saving stations, especially in time of fog.



The RCA  
equipped  
steamship  
"Vacuum"  
of the  
Vacuum Oil  
Company

During this year the Governments of France and the United States experimented between the Eiffel Tower station and Washington by wireless to procure data for comparing the velocity of electro-magnetic waves with that of light.

In June a wireless telegraph bill was presented to the Ottawa Parliament and passed under the title "Radio-telegraph act of Canada."

On October 11 the *Volturno* was burned in mid-Atlantic, and in response to the wireless appeal 10 vessels came to the rescue, 521 lives being saved.

On November 24 the first practical trials with wireless apparatus on trains were made on a train belonging to the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad.

The station at Macquerie Island was the means of keeping Doctor Mauson, the Australian explorer, in touch with the outer world. Radio despatches were published in a small journal which was established, called the *Adelle Blizzard*.

November 12: Safety at Sea Conference held in London. At this conference the use of radio received appropriate consideration.

November 24: The first practical trials with wireless

apparatus on trains were made, messages having been received and transmitted on board trains.

1914.—Experiments in wireless telephony were carried out between several vessels lying at anchor five-eighths of a mile apart, ordinary receivers being used with success. The wireless telephone experiments were continued between two warships on the high seas, and the reception was consistently good over a distance of 18½ miles. Successful wireless telephone communications were effected later, using only very limited energy between vessels on the high seas 44 miles apart. These experiments were repeated where land intervened between the communicating vessels, and in this case again excellent results were obtained. On this day radiotelephonic communication was constantly maintained for 12 hours.

On April 15, at Godalming, a memorial was unveiled to the memory of Jack Phillips, chief radio operator of the ill-fated *Titanic*, who died at his post when the vessel foundered in mid-Atlantic on the 15th of April, 1912.

A new departure in the application of radiotelegraphy to the safety of life at sea was the equipment of the motor lifeboats of the steamship *Aquitania* with radio apparatus.

High-powered transoceanic stations were completed at Carnarvon, Wales, Belmar, Honolulu, and San Francisco during the autumn of 1914. The Honolulu-San Francisco stations were opened to public service September 24. The Tuckerton-Eilvese and Sayville-Nauen stations were in operation about this time.

Most of these stations made use of the latest developments in the art, using undamped and long waves as produced by the Poulsen arc and the radiofrequency alternator.

On October 6 E. H. Armstrong was issued a patent covering the regenerative circuit also known as the feedback and the self-heterodyne circuit.

1915.—During this year F. A. Kolster, of the Bureau of Standards, developed a radiocompass said to be more effective than that which was being used.

On February 20 the Panama-Pacific Exhibition at San Francisco was officially opened by President Wilson at Washington, through the medium of wireless telegraphy.

On May 12, in Battery Park, New York City, the mayor unveiled the monument in memory of wireless operators who had lost their lives at the post of duty.

On July 27 wireless communication between the United States and Japan was effected. Two terminal stations were located at San Francisco and Funabashi, near Tokyo, and the messages were relayed through Honolulu.

On July 28 the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., working in conjunction with the Western Electric Co., succeeded in telephoning the wireless across the American continent from Arlington to Hawaii, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles.

On October 26 the wireless telephone experiments were continued, communication being effected across the Atlantic from Arlington to the Eiffel Tower, Paris.

During this year ship service was greatly improved through the installation of new equipment, embodying features of great practical value, by various operating companies. Efficient emergency radio transmitters came into wider use, owing considerably to the efforts of the radio service of the Department of Commerce and its refusal to pass inefficient equipment. Such installations considered as essential are safeguards to shippers and the seagoing public.

1916.—During the course of a severe blizzard in the United States during February wireless telegraphy was extensively used for train dispatching, as the telegraph wires were down.

The determination of the difference in longitude between Paris and Washington with the aid of radio which had been in progress since October, 1913, was completed

during May, the result, expressed in terms of time, being 5 hours 17 minutes 35.67 seconds, and has a probable accuracy of the order of 0.01 second.

The initiation of the newly established trans-Pacific wireless service between the United States and Japan was celebrated on November 6, by an interchange of messages between the Mikado and President Wilson.

1917.—June 2 marked the "coming of age" of wireless telegraphy in England, that is, that 21 years had elapsed since the registration of patent 12039 in 1896.

1918.—The trend of progress toward continuous-wave communication as distinct from that by damped waves was very marked during this year, a particular impetus being given by the continued development of the electron tube as an efficient receiver and generator of undamped oscillations. Steady improvement was also evident in the arc form of generator which was installed in many new high-power stations.

Wireless telephony also progressed to a marked extent, particularly in the direction of reliability and increase of range, due mainly to the development of valve generator and receivers.

In the equipment of aircraft with wireless great prog-



ress was made, both in radiotelegraphy and radiotelephony. At the end of the year a high-power station, erected by the United States Government, was opened at Croix d'Hins, near Bordeaux.

In the Argentine the erection of a station destined for direct communication with the North American continent was commenced in the vicinity of Buenos Aires. The extension in the application of wireless telegraphy to merchant vessels continued, and at the close of the year some 2,500 to 3,000 vessels of the British Merchant Marine carried installations.

On July 31 the United States Government took over all wireless land stations in the United States, with the exception of certain high-power stations, which remained under the control of commercial companies.

On September 22 messages transmitted from Carnarvon were received in Sydney, 12,000 miles away. Cable confirmations of these messages were sent forward at the same time but were received some hours later than the corresponding radiotelegrams.

In April a high-power station was opened at Stavanger, Norway, for the use of the Norwegian Government. The station communicates with the United States.

1919.—The successful transatlantic flights of Alcock and Brown, of the American NC4, and of the British dirigible R34, during the summer of the year focused attention upon the application of radio for aviation purposes and its great value for aerial navigation.

On June 30, 1919, there were 2,312 ship stations of the United States, having increased from 1,478 on June 30, 1918. At this time new ship stations were increasing at the rate of 100 a month. This increase was due to the great number of vessels built during the war period.

The temporary war measures relative to the installation of wireless telegraph apparatus on all merchant vessels of 1,600 tons or over under the British flag was made permanent by a bill passed by the British Parliament.

In February a Spanish decree was issued to the effect that all sailing vessels of 500 tons or over and carrying 50 or more passengers must be equipped with wireless apparatus.

December 1: The Radio Corporation of America took over the radio interests of the American Marconi Co.

The war-time ban on private and experimental wireless stations was removed.

1920.—The steady development of continuous-wave wireless work was continued during the year and some further progress made in the commercial application of tube apparatus.

On January 14 a law was passed in Greece making the carrying of wireless apparatus obligatory on all Greek merchant ships of 1,600 tons gross and over, or having 50 or more persons aboard, including crew.

On January 25 a new high-power station was opened at Monte Grande, Argentina, call letters LPZ.

Amateur radio work in this and other countries progressed steadily during the year with the gradual removal of wartime restrictions.

Bordeaux, France, high-power station opened.

March 1: Direct radiotelegraphic circuits were opened between New York and Great Britain and between San Francisco and Hawaii, by the Radio Corporation of America.

May 17: A direct radiotelegraphic circuit was opened between New York and Scandinavia by the Radio Corporation of America.

August 1: A direct radiotelegraphic circuit was opened between New York and Germany by the Radio Corporation of America.

November 2: Station KDKA, the pioneer broadcasting station of the world was opened by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company at East Pittsburgh, Pa.

December 15: A direct radiotelegraphic circuit was opened between New York and France by the Radio Corporation of America.

1921.—Experiments were carried out in France with successful results in the application of Baudot and similar high-speed telegraph apparatus to radio work.

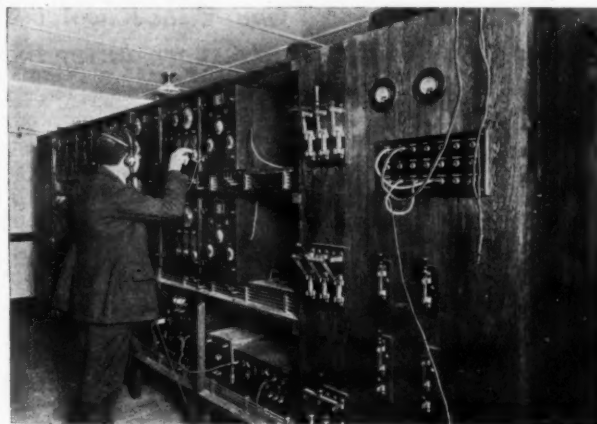
The Noble Prize for physics was awarded this year to Prof. Edouard Branly for his researches in radio.

The progress made in amateur and experimental wireless is exemplified by the attempts made in February and December of this year to effect communication on short wave lengths between the wireless amateurs of the United States and Great Britain. The first attempt

Great progress was made during the year in the development of vacuum tubes.

Short wave lengths were used to greater advantage than heretofore.

The McMillan expedition to the polar regions had radio for their only means of direct communication. Using low power and short wave lengths their vessel, *Bowdoin*, communicated with several stations in the United States while they were frozen in thousands of miles away. Broadcasting concerts from United States



Receiver section at Riverhead, Long Island

was unsuccessful, but during the second test signals from many American amateur stations were heard both by British radio amateurs and by the representative of the American Radio Relay League who was sent over for the tests. The signals were also heard in Holland.

The American Radio Relay League held its first annual convention in Chicago, August 30-September 3, at which many thousands of amateurs of the United States were present.

The first licenses for broadcasting stations were issued in September of this year.

November 5: New York Radio Central station opened on Long Island.

1922.—During this year broadcasting stations increased rapidly in keeping with the great interest taken in the art.

On June 7 E. H. Armstrong read a paper before the Institute of Radio Engineers on some recent developments by him of regenerative circuits. Professor Armstrong was granted a patent for the super-regenerative circuit.

Experiments in radiotelephoning from ship to shore were conducted during this year. In tests from the steamship *America* it was proved possible to communicate with land telephone stations more than 400 miles distant from the ship.

1923.—On March 2 L. A. Hazeltine, of Stevens Institute of Technology, presented a paper before the Radio Club of America on tuned radiofrequency amplification with neutralization of capacity coupling. Professor Hazeltine was granted a patent for the non-radiating retro-dyne receiver.

stations were heard during the long dark nights of the Arctic zone.

During the year foreign countries became interested in radiotelephone broadcasting.

Broadcasting in United States heard in England, and vice versa.

1924.—In January radio was used in the region of the Great Lakes during a blizzard for dispatching trains.

An expedition from the United States, under the leadership of Hamilton Rice, which will explore the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers in Brazil and Venezuela in the interest of geographical science in general, will have radio as their only means of communication.

On February 5 a radio program broadcast in the United States from Pittsburgh station of Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. was received and rebroadcast in England for the benefit of English stations.

On February 23 a concert broadcast by the same station and relayed from London was heard clearly in Calcutta, India.

Roger Babson, economist, estimates that during this year the American people will spend approximately \$350,000,000 for radio equipment. Sales of radio equipment are running nearly twice as large as all kinds of sporting goods.

A wireless lighthouse has been set up on an island in the Firth of Forth, Scotland. Wireless waves are concentrated by reflectors into a beam which can be sent 100 miles, giving ships their position in a fog.

Nov. 30: First photo transmitted across the Atlantic Ocean by Radio Corporation of America. Photoradiogram system was used.

## In the Black Hills with Coolidge

Continued from page 511

own father in the light of a kerosene lamp in the very house in which he was born in old Vermont. Without plan or preparation he has been the central figure of many dramatic situations, extending from the days of the police strike in Massachusetts, to the rainy morning in the school house at Rapid City, where he pushed aside the almost certain prospect of being elected President of the United States for the second time.

One address that revealed the real Coolidge was his greeting to Colonel Lindbergh in a spectacular moment, under the shadow of the Washington Monument, in the physical presence of hundreds of thousands of people and with his familiar voice reaching out to the millions of the invisible audience. When he pinned the decoration on the young lad symbolizing the "Spirit of the Youth of America," his eyes glistened with paternal affection, as he looked up into the face of the young "Pioneer of the Sky Lanes." The spirit of the pioneer prevailed in him, reflecting the sturdy impulse

of forefathers whose ideals found full fruition in the career of Calvin Coolidge.

With him on the decisive day was Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, a supporter of the McNary-Haugen bill, who insisted that Coolidge would be re-elected a few moments before the presidential surprise was sprung. Some of the politicians were nonplussed and the comments of the party leaders that followed were an interesting symposium of how little the wise ones can judge of a simple statement free from the camouflage of political manoeuvres.

In the perspective of the attractions of Nature's charms, Calvin Coolidge realized in the broadened horizon of the plains how puny were the tinselled ambitions of men enwrapped in a halo of ego in taking themselves and their own personal ambitions too seriously. In his actions since August 2nd, with writers and newspaper men, he has furnished evidence confirming the impressions gathered during the early days in the Hills when the President was vigor-

ously fighting a nervous breakdown, for it must not be forgotten that Calvin Coolidge, like Thomas Jefferson, has a temperament that goes with red hair.

We must all have our fling in interpreting the momentous utterance of Calvin Coolidge, which has merrily opened the 1928 presidential campaign with a bang, and I am content to take him at his word, for the word of Calvin Coolidge has always been good. He has fixed March 4th, 1929, as the date when he will choose to lay aside the mantle of executive power as the clock strikes high twelve, and pass out of the Presidential spotlight for the sequestered quietude of private life. For the sixteen months remaining he will administer the affairs of his office free from the suspicion of a personal ambition and independent of the harassing complications of party or political expediency. One great purpose of his life has been realized—he will be known as Calvin Coolidge, a real American, who through the fortunes of fate, became President of the United States.

# A Messenger Boy's Trip to Africa

*How James Francis Smith, the schoolboys' messenger, carried the message to Kruger during the Boer War*

WITH the announcement of the passing of the Philadelphia *North American* some time ago, there arose in my mind a host of memories of events and occasions of importance connected with its long and inspiring history. Foremost was the remembrance of that gala occasion more than twenty-five years ago when, their enthusiasm roused to fever heat by the infectious eagerness and vigor of the *North American*, the schoolboys of Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn and Boston sponsored a series of mass meetings at which testimonials of sympathy and understanding were circulated and sent by special messenger direct to President Kruger of the Boer Republic, who was then waging a gallant struggle against the powerful English forces.

I remembered well the youthful American District Telegraph messenger who was chosen to carry the message, and I recollected following his travels through the pages of the famous American newspaper. As clear and sharply defined as any motion picture, there was conjured in my mind's eye a vision of the triumphal send-off in Philadelphia, and of the equally triumphant reception, upon the completion of the many thousand miles' journey, in New York.

"Who is the boy that made the longest trip ever undertaken by a district messenger?" Mr. M. W. Rayens, former general superintendent of the American District Telegraph Company in New York, and the man of whom the old *New York Press* once declared, "It is generally understood that 'Mike' knows more people that are worth knowing than any man in New York," inquired. "Oh, you mean 'Jimmy' Smith," he replied, as his face broke into a broad smile. "Of course I remember him—how could I ever forget him? It isn't every messenger who has the opportunity to carry a message to South Africa in time of war, nor are there many who could make such a success of the business as he has done. Yes, I'm in constant touch with the boy—though he isn't so much of a boy now. It's more than twenty-five years since he returned from Pretoria, you know, and 'Jimmy' has grown some in those years. He's had some pretty interesting experiences, too. He served in the World War as a sergeant in the 304th Battalion, U. S. Tank Corps—one of the 'toughest' branches of the service.

"What's he doing now? Oh, he's still wearing a uniform—a blue one. And he's making as big a success of this job as he's made of every other job he tackled. He is a sergeant of police and is stationed in Jamaica."

Mr. Rayens himself has had an interesting career. Coming to this country at the age of six, he went to work for the American District Telegraph Company before he was fourteen. At the age of thirty-two he became superintendent of the company.



James Francis Smith, as he is today, a member of the New York Police Force

After talking with Mr. Rayens, you may be sure that I lost no time in making my way to the locality in which Jimmy Smith is on duty. I had no trouble in finding him—it seems everybody of any importance, and most of those with no importance, as well, know "Jim." He is altogether one of the most popular young fellows I have ever met.

He met me with a smile of pleasure. A handsome young chap with regular features and a head as finely shaped as that of any of the young Greek gods whose graven images fill the art galleries of the world, he looks one straight in the eyes, and his somewhat stern features relax now and then as the faintest suggestion of a smile plays about the corners of his mouth. Not too prone to talk about himself, Sergeant Smith was somewhat reticent about the details of his now famous trip to Pretoria, until I had assured him that I was a friend both of Commissioner Enright and Mr.

Rayens. When I mentioned the name of the latter, the Sergeant's face lighted up, and I had very little difficulty, save for a bit of prompting now and then, to secure the story for which I had come to Jamaica.

"It happened in this way. On April 1, 1900, Mr. Rayens, the general superintendent of the 'A. D. T.' in New York, sent orders to all his district managers to have a number of boys report to him at his office. There was no thought upon the part of any of the forty boys who responded that the object of the call was to choose a lad for the purpose of delivering a message to Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal Government at Pretoria, South Africa. A boy would have been crazy to think that he would be sent upon such an errand. Why, that was a job which even a full-grown man would have found far from a pleasure jaunt. The Boers and the English were at war. Reports came finally that the former were being driven back toward their capital, and that all South Africa was a scene of havoc and devastation. Think of it—the task was to carry a message safely for more than 12,000 miles, nearly four times the distance to San Francisco.

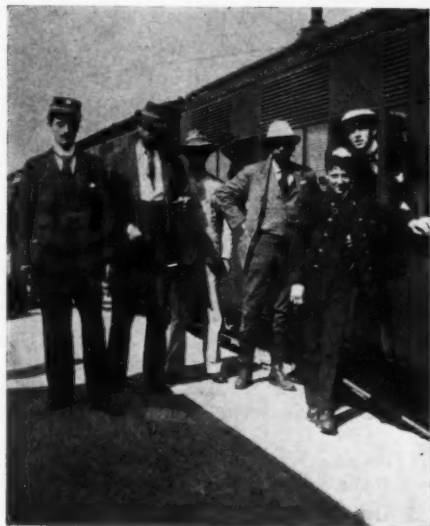
"The message contained a testimonial of sympathy from the schoolboys of Philadelphia to President Kruger and the struggling South Africans in their war with the English. It was signed by more than 28,000 names. The testimonial had its inception among the boys of the Philadelphia Central High School who became interested in the Boer cause as a result of the stand taken by the Philadelphia *North American* and the space given to the struggle in its pages."

Sergeant Smith paused for a moment as a reminiscent glow came into his eyes. His mind was traveling back along life's highway to the days when he was "just a kid," and wore the uniform of the American District Telegraph Company, instead of the city of New York. In another moment "Jim" was once more the alert officer of the law, and continued his story:

"On the roster of the 'A. D. T.' as No. 1534—James Francis Smith, running messages throughout the Wall Street district, little did I dream at that time that I was to be chosen to carry the message from the schoolboys of Philadelphia to President Kruger—the longest errand ever undertaken by a messenger boy. I was at that time not quite sixteen. But this fact did not interfere with Mr. Rayen's selecting me, as his final choice, after hastily running over the qualifications of the forty boys who had been sent to his office.



"The boys formed in Independence Square and, led by a squad of mounted police in all their glory, the band struck up Sousa's 'Man Behind the Gun,' and to its inspiring notes the procession slowly moved from Independence Square, through South Fifth to Market Street, on its way to the Academy of Music. Along the way there



At Pretoria, South Africa

was an abundance of fireworks from the roof of the newly-opened *North American* building, which had been specially prepared for the occasion by the celebrated pyrotechnist, Pain, and massed thousands were assembled to witness the displays.

"At the conclusion of this memorable parade, all those who could filed into the Academy of Music for the exercises which will long be remembered. From my vantage point upon the stage I saw everything that took place, and had the opportunity, likewise, of looking into the faces of thousands assembled for the purpose of wishing me Godspeed. Patriotic addresses, a musical program, and speeches by the members of the schoolboys' committees, featured the affair, and throughout the wildest enthusiasm reigned. I felt like the spectator at a grand and colorful pageant.

"Toward the close of the meeting one of the Philadelphia schoolboys stepped to a call box on the stage of the Academy, and, in full view of the spectators, pulled the lever. Then, dressed in the full uniform of the American District Telegraph Company, I walked briskly up the ladder to the stage, and reported to the youth at the box. When the applause and cheering had subsided, the President of the schoolboys' committee handed me the message containing the resolution with its more than 28,000 signatures, and said:

"You will take this as rapidly as you can to Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal Republic, at Pretoria, South Africa. It contains the testimonial of the schoolboys of this city to President Kruger and the struggling South Africans. It is signed by over 28,000 names and it speaks for itself. Along with this message of the boys you will carry as a tribute from the Phila-

delphia *North American* to that great and patriotic man, this book of clippings."

"The book to which he referred contained the newspaper history of the entire movement as chronicled in the papers of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, and was made up in the finest style of the book-binder's art. This whole transaction occupied no more than five minutes, though at that time it seemed a year.

"Touching my cap, I left the stage and the Academy of Music, and not long after I was seated in a Pennsylvania railroad train, five sections of which had been reserved for my escort to New York, the first lap of the long journey of nearly twenty-four thousand miles, and covering the greater part of the continents of Europe and the borders of the Orient, without stop until the message was delivered safely into the hands of President Kruger at his official residence in South Africa.

"Starting from New York City on April 1, in a first-class cabin of the American Line Steamship *St. Louis*, bound for Southampton, I was the cynosure of all eyes aboard the steamship, and received more attention than is good for a lad of the age I was then to have showered upon him. But I was a self-reliant lad, and one whose head was not easily turned. I reached Southampton safely after a delightful trip, during which I had been one of the very few who had not succumbed to seasickness—but as it was English territory, I did not leave the ship.

From there I hurried on to Paris, where I enjoyed myself immensely. I stopped long enough to take in the Exposition and the other sights of the French capital which were a revelation to me, and proceeded thence to Naples, Italy, where, after spending a short time in sight-seeing, I set sail for Lorenzo Marques, at that time a thirty-one day trip by steamer.

"Reaching Lorenzo Marques on May 25, I started immediately by train for Pretoria, arriving in the capital of the Boer Republic on the evening of the following day. Luck certainly was with me, for had I arrived but one day later, my mission would have been in vain. The Boer officials were even then preparing to abandon Pretoria and take to the hills. Already the British were within forty miles of the capital, and their guns were so placed as to sweep the city with death and destruction.

"Meanwhile the tramp of martial feet was heard upon the roads leading to the city, and the British were advancing mile by mile. In a day or two they would be just outside the city limits and Pretoria would be theirs. I had entered Pretoria at the moment of her fall, and could hear the reports of the Boer cannon in the distance. It was my first experience in warfare—and I enjoyed it immensely.

"Intent upon fulfilling my mission, I hurried to the home of the executive, where I spoke with Secretary Heitz, who very kindly arranged for an interview with President Kruger. The latter, harassed and harried as he was, interrupted an important war council in order to receive me three hours before he was to leave the capital and seek

refuge in the mountains. The President saw me officially in his home, which was also the home of the government at whose helm he stood.

"Present in the room into which I was ushered, for the purpose of witnessing the presentation, was an American war correspondent, now famous as a writer of fiction, Richard Harding Davis. With him were Hugh Sutherland, Adelbert Hay, United States Consul, and son of the Secretary of State, John Hay; the last Americans to shake hands with President Kruger before he repaired into the mountains.

"President Kruger, a man of great bulk and weight, received me warmly, thanking me for the message and history. In a moment more he was hastily preparing for his trip into the mountains before the advance of the British, who were reported every few hours to be nearing the town. In an hour or two one could hear the rumble and creak of the ox-carts of the officials and inhabitants of the town as they hurried into the hills. From that time on into the darkness of the night, the air was filled with the shrieks, shots and curses of the Kaffir drivers as they lashed their charges



James Francis Smith, the messenger boy

in the drive through the streets and out of Pretoria. Broken streams of Burgers ambled along, all moving toward the mountains where they were to make their last desperate stand, and where the now famous guerilla warfare was to begin.

"The President and his cabinet left the same evening and the gold to carry on the business of the Government was shipped after them in public hacks from the Palace of Justice where it had been stored, and unloaded into freight cars. It was a remarkable sight to witness—it seemed to my childish mind that all the money in the world must be stored in those bags.

"On the day following the English began to shell the town, the firing lasting about four hours. The streets were deserted at the first warning rumble, and when, a few hours later, Lord Roberts marched into the

# An Airplane Crash that Changed a Career

*How George C. Henderson's life was changed when he made a perilous landing with the plane standing on beam ends. Later his adventures lead him to investigating frauds*

**H**ENDERSON, take that airplane up alone today."

Private George C. Henderson saluted, snapped his heels together and walked toward the plane that was to carry him on his first solo flight.

The time was during the first few months of America's participation in the World War. The place was the government's training field for aviators at Riverside, California.

terrific suddenness that I instinctively tilted the plane's nose upward again. After I had climbed toward the heavens for a while, I changed my mind and decided to land after all. So I started downward with a rush—and landed with a crash in plowed ground just beyond the flying field.

"The propeller and radiator were smashed, and the plane stood on end. There I sat like a king on a throne. I looked over toward the field. I saw the

Did he? He did! Henderson, who had been a hobo before the War, became a criminal investigator and writer afterwards. But the story is worth telling more completely.

First, though, must be told the story of George Henderson's entrance into the aviation service. Soon after war was declared, he volunteered. A physical defect barred him, but doctors told him that an operation would make him eligible. Rather than await his turn in the crowded government hospital, Henderson, who was then twenty-six, had the operation performed at his own expense.

Then he learned that the School of Military Aeronautics could not admit any additional students for a while. A hundred and fifty other young Americans were also on the School's waiting list. So Henderson called a mass meeting at the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, and organized a temporary school. Quarters were secured in a high school building, and experienced men volunteered their services as instructors. By the time the government school was ready to accept more students, Henderson's men were already familiar with the fundamentals.

That portion of Henderson's life in which we are interested may be said to commence when he left the University of Washington and became a reporter on the staff of the Portland, Oregon, *Evening Telegram*. In the course of his news-gathering, the twenty-year-old journalist thought that he detected an Ethiopian in the woodpile of some gentlemen who were selling stock in a marvellous diving bell intended to recover the lost treasures of the Spanish Armada. With the permission of his city editor, Henderson became a salesman for the concern

"I had graduated from the United States School of Military Aeronautics, at Berkeley, but hadn't had much practical experience," Henderson told me.

"I had been up in a plane before, of course, but never alone. However, I stepped in and soon left the ground. I 'took off' nicely and felt a thrill of pride in my achievement.

"Aesop or somebody has said that pride cometh before a fall. It did—literally—in this case.

"I was supposed to fly around the field once and then land. After I had almost completed the first trip around the field, the ground looked so darned hard that I was afraid to land. So I kept on going.

"As I started on the second lap, my fear of having broken the rules was lost in a rush of emotions similar to that which is supposed to come over a drowning person. My past life flashed before me and I realized how useless it had been! This so horrified me that I didn't notice the landing place until I had passed it the second time.

"Instructors and mechanics were madly waving to let me know that I must come down. But I already knew that. As I started on the third lap, I resolved that I would land the next time or die in the attempt. Then it was that I realized, for the first time, how precious life is! While I steeled myself for the landing, I resolved that I would do something for the world if the angel of aviation would grant me a few more years.

"I started to land, but the hard-looking ground rushed up toward me with such

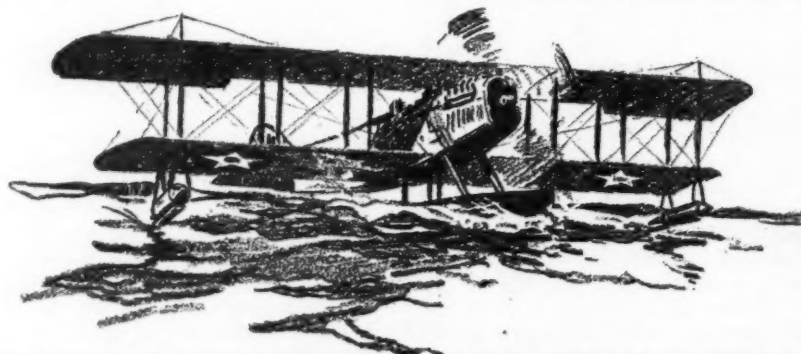
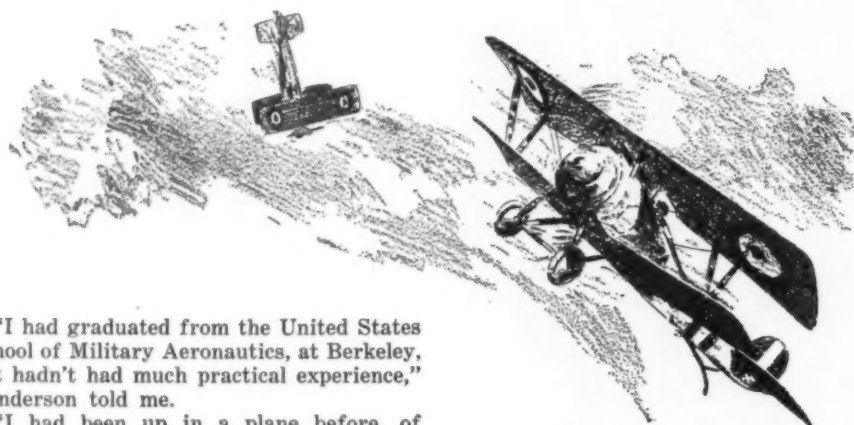
ambulance driver jump up, cast aside the magazine he had been reading and start cranking the ambulance. I stood up and waved my cap at him—and he returned to the interrupted reading of his story.

"The sergeant-instructor cursed me to the limit of his vocabulary—which is saying a great deal. I thought I would be disgraced by being put 'on the ground' for a month at least. But, the next day, he sent me up alone again. Thereafter, I didn't have any trouble flying.

"That was certainly the turning point in my life. That experience in the air gave me a new appreciation of the importance of living. I resolved that I would make every year count."

and in a few days gathered enough evidence to convict the diving bell gang. His reward consisted of exclusive stories on the front page of his paper for five days and a black eye donated by the swindlers.

*Continued on page 538*





# Ye Lunch at the Sign of the Red Apple

*Evolution of the Waldorf Lunch System—Dining within walls that were a haunt of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, on a marble top—The triumph of the apple pie of old New England*

SINCE Lindbergh made his flight to Europe on a subsistence of two sandwiches we must not wonder at the great increase of popularity of the Chain Lunches. Like many others, I used to look askance at lunch places I passed as Dyspepsia factories, but when I found the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Andrew W. Mellon, taking his noon meal at a "one-arm joint," I felt it was moving forward somewhat in popularity with all sorts and classes of people in the city. Forsooth, did not the late Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Evans Hughes and former Governor Whitman enjoy a midnight lunch together at the Waldorf Lunchroom in Albany. They seemed to enjoy it and when they had finished and were looking for toothpicks, Secretary Hughes gathered the soiled dishes together, and carrying them to the counter man, remarked that it was one of the most satisfactory meals he had ever had, and inquired if it was necessary to go back and wash his own dishes. He was highly in favor of self-service. I have seen a student at Harvard Square Waldorf Lunch order a package of crackers and a bowl of hot water, and then proceed to pour part of a bottle of ketchup in the hot water insisting that he had made a most excellent tomato soup. This was a Harvard man. Not to be outdone, a Yale student entered a Waldorf Lunch and ordered ice cream and figs, a bottle of milk and a plate of beans. He ate the ice cream and figs first, and then tackled the beans, seasoning the beans with the top of the bottle of milk. There is always something alluring in a Waldorf menu. That apple pie and individual shortcake remind one of the traditional dainties that mother prepared, for it can be declared that there never was better apple pie than that served in the Waldorf Lunch, and that same superlative statement may be applied to the other food. The only difference between the food at the Waldorf-Astoria and the Waldorf lunch is the size of the check and the exercise in serving yourself and eliminating the tips to waiters.

It remained for a New England boy whose forbears lived in the olde days of ye Tavern, to develop his ideas and become the executive head of a chain of restaurants that carry the real spirit and tradition of "mine host at the inn" adapted to these swift-moving times of quick lunches.

The wayfaring traveler feels himself at home when he can find a Waldorf Lunch "at the sign of the Red Apple," a trademark that was conceived by Mr. Percy E. Woodward, President of the Waldorf System, after a careful study of slogans. He de-

cided to capitalize the name of Harry S. Baldwin, Vice-President and Treasurer of the Company, and thereupon the familiar sign of the red Baldwin apple was adopted as the emblem of the Waldorf stores.

The traditional neatness and cleanliness of the New England household prevails in the Waldorf kitchens and bakeries. The old headquarters of Houghton-Mifflin on Park St., Boston is now a Waldorf lunch room and on the walls are profiles and bas-reliefs of



Percy E. Woodward, President of the Waldorf Lunch System

Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Emerson, representing that galaxy of literary lights that used to haunt these parts at the lunch hour for a conference when their work was being published.

Emerson remarked that every business is the shadow of a personality, and the personality who has been prominent in the Waldorf System is Mr. Percy E. Woodward, born at Turners Falls, Massachusetts. He spent his boyhood days in Northampton, at the time when Calvin Coolidge was preparing for his great life career. His father was a mechanic and his mother, Ella Pratt was of Scotch descent, so that he has sturdy English-Scotch ancestors.

It is always interesting just to follow the career of a young man starting in life. What education he received Mr. Woodward obtained in the public schools of Northampton and one winter at Claremont. He was obliged to leave school at Northampton at the age of 12, however, to go to work. On his thirteenth birthday he was working on a farm in Charlemont, Mass., milking cows, doing general chores, etc., and it was here that he attended the Winter country school. The following summer he went to

work for a Mrs. Robinson of Brooklyn, Connecticut, where he milked cows and took care of lawns. At the age of fourteen he went to work for the Florence Furniture Company of Florence, Mass. He worked there through all the departments and when he left, at the age of seventeen, he was doing practically all of the graining on imitation rosewood caskets. He then went to work for the Joseph Whitcomb Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, cigar manufacturers, and at the age of 20 was sent on the road as a traveling salesman throughout New England. He remained with them nineteen years when he associated himself with Oscar F. Kinney whose father and grandfather ran the old tavern in Holland, Mass. Everyone in that section knew of "Marm" Kinney's famous cooking. Together they bought one-half interest from Harry S. Kelsey in the Waldorf Lunch in Springfield, Mass. in March, 1905, Mr. Kelsey having previously opened the first one in December, 1904. This was the beginning of the present Waldorf System Incorporated which comprises one hundred and thirty-one stores in forty-one cities throughout the northeastern section of the United States. The so-called "one-arm" lunch was then in its infancy, the principal lunch rooms of this type then being the Whitcomb & Bowles, Baltimore lunches in the East and the John R. Thompson Company in the Chicago district.

It was then that Messrs. Kinney and Woodward conceived the idea of placing specials on the menus and the so-called "one-arm" lunches were instrumental in having many of the specials that are served today, as it was believed that many articles could be served in a quick lunch room. One special that helped build up the business was the individual shortcake—the kind that Mother used to make—which was instigated by Mr. Woodward, who also had installed the first glass hood covering food for display to the public, which latter idea has since been universally adopted.

A restaurant man must be born and not made. Unless a restaurant man has the true touch he may be in the business a great many years and yet not seem to know when things are right or wrong in the restaurant. It is this intuition that makes or breaks a restaurant operator.

The Waldorf System was incorporated on April 18, 1919 when the Kelsey Company of Boston, the T. F. Ahern, of Providence, R. I., and the Kinney & Woodward lunches of Albany and New York State, all of which operated Waldorf lunches, and Baldwin's Incorporated of Springfield, Massachusetts, were consolidated. At that time there were

54 lunches of which Harry S. Kelsey was elected the first President, but as his interests were entirely in building up Kelsey City, Florida, Mr. Kelsey resigned and Mr. Percy E. Woodward was elected President in 1920. During the seven years of Mr. Woodward's presidency the corporation has grown from fifty-seven stores to 131 locations. And throughout, "A Clean Place to Eat" has always been their slogan, as the prevailing feeling seemed to be that ordinary restaurants of this type were carelessly operated and dirt allowed to accumulate. So they were careful to impress the public with the fact that their aim was to have absolute cleanliness in the kitchen as well as in the front of the store, in order to attract the people to the Waldorf lunches.

Mr. Woodward has had the pleasure of being one of the few men who tried to teach Governor Al Smith of New York how to play golf and the Governor was a pretty poor golfer to start with. On one occasion he was seen to feed the small pond at the Wolfert's Roost Country Club with eight new golf balls. This was where Governor Smith learned the game.

Upon my return from a six weeks' tour of the Pacific coast and midwest, I found myself hungry for a piece of pie. Visions of the pie belt came to me in the corn belt. In Boston I went "by the street called straight" to one of the haunts of Oliver Wendell Holmes on Park street, Beacon Hill. Within the walls formerly occupied by his publishers, Houghton Mifflin, I had visions of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table and chose my early morning pie as I passed under the Sign of the Red Apple. Then I read in the *Boston Transcript* the following tribute that made me think of the lines from the poem "Lucile" where it says something about living without books but that we cannot live without cooks and dining.

SATURDAY NIGHT THOUGHTS  
Boston Evening Transcript

"When I say that I quite unexpectedly met Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes this morning at the breakfast table you will understand that it was not in the old conditions nor

surrounded by the familiar characters of his books. He was not there in the flesh—alas—for his comments on the scene before him and his exchanges with the people who were with me there might have made a new and delightful book on the Boston of today. It was, in fact, at my individual corner of a marble-topped table in one of our most modern cafeterias that I glanced up and the fine face of the Autocrat looked down upon me from a medallion on the freshly decorated walls.

"At the first thought I was tempted to call this entry of modern, democratic, cheap and hurried eating place into the neighborhood made famous by long association with well-known names in the New England life as something alien and somewhat of an intrusion. What would the Autocrat—that kindly intellectual aristocrat—say to this workman in overalls who was eating griddlecakes and sausage, this shopgirl who seemed rather to have chosen to consult her poverty than her appetite for the breakfast which was to make her work day possible; or to the self-help and ingenious mechanisms of the establishment?

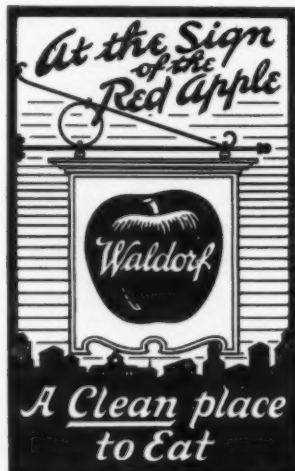
"What he would have criticised first, I am sure, would not have been the character or social standing of the customers. For he was a physician and knew that men must eat, and would have given his entire approval to the neatness of the surroundings and the efficiency of the management. But he must have disliked the ruling silence and isolation of the people at the tables and the air of hurry which was so common among them. For, to the genial Autocrat, leisure and social communication were of the essence of all successful breakfasting. The exchange of ideas was as much a part of the satisfaction of the appetite as the savor of the food and the slight stimulus of the coffee.

"The Autocrat knew, of course, that in his own Boston there were many places where an untutored man ate without much restraint of table manners and often with no more evidence of social interchange than the grunts the pigs give at the trough and no more of pause and breathing time than the competition of the sparrows allows when some handful of grain falls on the pavement. But solitary feeding was unbecoming to his thought, as well as hurry. If he had come back in the flesh, this morning, to the region of the "Long Walk"

on the Common and the neighborhood where his books were made and sold, and had turned in out of a quite natural curiosity to this fine new place of eating, the sense of an intrusion of new ways and people must almost at once have given place to a lively curiosity about the people whom he met.

He must have felt, I think, that one of the needs of an applied democracy was here supplied in a common meeting place, for the most part congenial to the cultivated rather than the careless taste, where all stand on the same level and are subject to equal laws and customs. The absence of all disorder and squalor would perhaps be accepted as an offset for the lack of that intimate and family atmosphere which he preferred. There is an uplift power in good surroundings, yes, in mere neatness and simplicity, which will have its part in the evolution of culture. The least fastidious of men grows more exacting as to manners by the experience of pleasanter surroundings. You cannot make men over into the habits of neatness and repugnance to carelessness living by any number of precepts or commands. Men are too busy in living to read books of etiquette. But the man who eats one meal a day, however hurriedly, in a place like my cafeteria where the fine faces of the great New England authors look down upon him from the shining walls, must feel the contrast of a careless home or a slovenly boarding house and wish for something better.

"I should like, sitting across one of these marble tables from the Autocrat, to have had courage, and obtained his consent, to ask him what were his reactions to the Boston of today. That would have been a conversation worth recording. Are we growing better, or worse? or as the changes come in waves, is it ebb or flood, with the intellectual life of the ancient town? It is difficult for one who is swimming in the stream of life to be certain whether it is flowing! There are changes enough since the Autocrat was lost to us. But after all, the real worth and interest of any city is in its people. Boston is perhaps on the average less bookish though within reach of many more books, than it was sixty-six years ago when the Autocrat published the first of the Breakfast Table papers, but surely it has a much wider range of variety in character and of its interests in life.



"But I am wandering a long way from my cafeteria with its paneled walls where the medallions of the old literary kings of Boston look down, with its steaming food-containers, its busy servitors, its democracy of attendance and total absence of servile 'tips.' I have seen within these walls all sorts of men—soldiers, sailors, fiddlers, tailors. Its best hour is at noontime when the crowds come pouring in to eat and hurry forth again—the girls perhaps to save a little time for shopping in their too brief hour of freedom. Except sometimes at church (and only in some churches) I know of no place where I am more inclined to recognize the common needs and the common interests of men than in these meeting places of hunger and economy and haste.

"They do not, it is true, change any of the fundamental values or necessities of life, but they bring us together by the common power of need. And they come nearer perhaps than any other of our experiences to a sort of foretaste of what the Utopia of the socialists might be—or such a Utopia as some have dreamed about, where the drudgeries of life shall be brought to a minimum by a common public serving and we shall all share alike. Perhaps the Autocrat might dream of the cafeteria, looking down from its walls upon the variety of folk who enter, eat and go, as an experiment in levelling and confusion of personality. And this I am sure so firm an individualist could never have liked.

"I have played with the suggestions which came to me as I ate in the crowd and now and then looked up to the wise faces on the wall. But out of the play of thought I seem to have grasped some new thoughts of the growing brotherhood of men."

## An Airplane Crash—Continued from page 536

Then and there the lad decided that he wanted to devote his life to exposing criminals, but he succumbed to the lure of the open road. He became successively, a miner, a common laborer, a lumberjack, a farmhand, a detective, a printer, a magazine editor and finally a plain hobo. He "jungled" along the "warm belt" from Seattle to New Orleans and back, riding "the rods," "blind baggage," "reefers," "decks," and "side door pullmans." Occasionally getting knocked off a train and "ditching" the police were all in the game.

But trampdom was not destined to hold George Henderson, any more than it held Jack London or Jim Tully. The War, and the airplane-crashing experience that I have related, jarred him into a life of usefulness.

After the war, Henderson returned to his first love—the study of criminals. First he made an investigation of some of the country's leading prisons, making many friends among convicts. A series of newspaper articles resulted. Next he studied criminology under August Vollmer and his

staff experts on fingerprinting, Bertillon measurements, handwriting identification, psychiatry and micro-analysis.

"Dope" next attracted the ex-soldier's attention. He saw every angle of the traffic in "dope"—he helped search ships for opium, visited opium dens, watched cures being effected in a sanitarium, interviewed addicts in jail and out, and studied the economic, commercial, medical and legal angles of the great white curse. When he had the facts, he wrote a startling series of articles that helped to turn America's attention toward the seriousness of the dope problem.

Henderson didn't rest on his laurels. He joined a fraternity of spirit mediums, learned their tricks and devices, became a Doctor of Divinity (on payment of a \$25 fee), and exposed the frauds with illustrated articles.

Race track "book makers" were next honored with the former hobo's attention. By this time, Henderson fully realized how great is the misery and unhappiness caused

by the operations of criminals. In quick succession, he turned the unwelcome glare of publicity on automobile thieves, pickpockets, burglars, yeggys, robbers, fences, forgers, counterfeiters, stock swindlers, mail order crooks, confidence men, bunco artists, gamblers, arsonists, smugglers, grafters and others.

All this time, the author was working on his book, "Keys to Crookdom," published recently.

"What is the real cause of crime?" I asked Henderson.

"The victims themselves!" was the quick answer. "At least fifty per cent of crimes would be avoided if the 'suckers' would use reasonable care and judgment. As for the dupes of swindlers—it is an axiom among authorities that an honest man cannot be swindled. And so the list might be continued."

"Your advice, then is to—"

"Defeat criminals by educating their prospective victims!"



# Tickleweed and Feathers

## SCALP OR SCULP!

What is the difference between a hair-dresser and a sculptor!

Answer—One curls up and dyes and the other makes faces and busts.

—*Rexall Magazine.*

\* \* \*

"Did Frances blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."

—*Pittsburgh First.*

\* \* \*

## LADIES FIRST

Barber—Shall I cut your hair close?

Fair Damsel—No, stand off as far as possible.

—*Rexall Magazine.*

\* \* \*

She—Men never seem to be able to look me in the eye.

He—Then wear 'em longer.

—*Bison.*

\* \* \*

## SHEEP ARE DUMBEST

Child—Sheeps is the dumbest of all animals, ain't they, mamma?

Mother (absently)—Yes, my lamb.

\* \* \*

"What do you think of the Y. M. C. A.?"

"It appeals to me very much."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

\* \* \*

## HE HAD COURAGE

Visitor (returning to home town)—Well, well! What became of old Bill Jones? Bill sure was a daredevil.

Luke Grant—Bill sure was. He married three times before he died.

\* \* \*

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with about the same amount of real feeling.

—*Widow*

\* \* \*

## ILLUSTRATED IN PERSON

Prof.—What is density?

Stude—I can't define it, but I can give an illustration.

Prof.—The illustration is good. Sit down.

—*Juggler.*

\* \* \*

"Do you have to see a doctor in this town before you can get booze?"

"No; afterwards."

—*Washington Cougar's Paw.*

\* \* \*

The sun goes up and the sun goes down but a rooster never sets.—*Cynic.*

## THE SIGN OF GOOD SOUP

Biltmore Waiter—Want soup?

Bill Rogers—Is it good soup?

Waiter—Sure; fourteen carrot.

—*Exchange.*

\* \* \*

"How do you swim?"

"Just like paralysis."

"How?"

"Three strokes and it's all over."

—*Wampus.*

\* \* \*

Box Office Man—Hey get in line. What d'ye think that brass rail is for?

"Why I thought it was for people to ketch hold of when they hear the prices."—*Judge.*

\* \* \*

## AMBIGUOUS

Professor Biology—Where do bugs go in winter?

Absent-minded Student—Search me.

\* \* \*

Postmistress (to small boy accompanied by two dogs)—"Have you licenses on both those dogs?"

Small boy—"No'm. The big one's all right, but the little one's just full of them."—*Vagabond.*

\* \* \*

## TWEET!—TWEET!

Fat Lady to bell-hop—"Boy, call me a taxi!"

Bell-hop: "All right, but you look like a truck."—*The Brown Jug.*

\* \* \*

Customer—"It's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat."

Butcher—"It's tougher when you pay twenty-five."—*Witt.*

\* \* \*

## NOT HUNGRY

"I propose to show you," said the professor of biology, "a fine specimen of a dissected frog which I have in this parcel."

Undoing the package, he disclosed three sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg, and a banana. "But surely," he said reflectively, "I ate my lunch."

\* \* \*

Ned—What is going on tonight?

Ed—Same old thing, nightshirt.

—*Stanford University Chaparral.*

\* \* \*

Mrs. Musichound—Do you consider William Mengleberg our greatest conductor?

Mrs. Newly rich—Well, really, you know, I so seldom use the tolleys nowadays.

## OUR DIRTIEST JOKE

Maid—Shall I take this little rug out and beat it?

Man—That's no rug that's my roommate's towel.—*Brown Jug.*

\* \* \*

"Black Boy, how did you all get that soot on youh coat?"

"That ain't soot, Carbona, that's dandruff."—*Lord Jeff.*

\* \* \*

"Did you ever see, 'Oliver Twist,' aunty?"

"Hush, child. You know I never attend modern dances."

\* \* \*

"I say, old chap, haven't I seen you somewhere?"

"Quite likely, old bean, I've been there."

\* \* \*

## NOT VISIBLE

The old-fashioned, rugged type of journalism still flourishes in the west. A coast editor says of a political candidate: "If there is an idea in his head, it lives the life of a hermit."—*Halifax Herald.*

\* \* \*

A pleasing vitagraph feature would be a talking movie of the White House Spokesman.—*Springfield Republican.*

\* \* \*

Merchant (to stranger)—You're a business man, I suppose? How's business?

Professor—Oh, looking up.

Merchant—What's your line?

Professor—Astronomy.

\* \* \*

"A thousand pardons" used to be simply an expression. That was before Mrs. Ferguson became Governor.

\* \* \*

## BAD HABIT

"Why did you break off your engagement with that school teacher?"

"Every night I didn't show up she wanted a written excuse."

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

\* \* \*

First Parent—"So your son didn't like the navy?"

Second ditto—"No, he said that he couldn't get used to wearing his trousers so small at the bottom."—*Answers.*

\* \* \*

"What did your wife say when you got home last nite?"

"Not a word. I was going to have those two front teeth pulled anyway."—*Buffalo.*

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

## Travel and Resort Section

### Impression of a World Tour

By JAKE JELAL

**T**HE weather in New Zealand in December is similar to that of our May. It is like an orchard. You will see roses everywhere, and flowers of every description. Auckland is a city of Parks, with its beautiful harbor, modern architectural buildings, and wide, clean streets. What puzzled some of us was how they could keep the streets so clean. To see Auckland in its glory is to see it from the top

of Mt. Eden. The beautiful park called Albert Park is in the center of the city and gives a good view of Auckland. In our drive through the following morning, Monday, the people greeted us with American flags. We were quite pleased with this reception. We had another reason to be glad, that this was the first place we had reached where people were English speaking people, and were not far from our customs and

manners. The most interesting thing was to see the people doing their Christmas shopping, as Christmas was not far away, and yet it was warm, and not a bit of snow. It was just like a beautiful sunny June day. Stores, cafes, and hotels were thronged day and night, with people doing their shopping. Whether it is summer or winter, and no matter where you are, Santa Claus comes once a year. All the people were quite friendly towards us. We had been told that this was the first cruise to come to this part of the country. From early morning to late at night, people were coming to visit our steamer, as they had heard about it being a palatial steamer, and one of the largest to visit Auckland. It was in this city that for the first time a reception to the natives of the populace was given on board the Carinthia. From this city until the last stop in Australia, in every city, the Captain of the steamer was entertaining some officials of the respective cities. The New Zealand people thought that everybody on the cruise was a millionaire. This is all bunk. I still doubt if there were any millionaires except perhaps two or three, on the trip. It is not necessary to be a millionaire to take a trip like this.

In our drive through the city, we saw the horse race track, which is one of the finest in the world. Before you enter you pass through a magnificent park with beautiful lawns, trees, and flowers of all kinds. The buildings surrounding the park are most gorgeous. Out of curiosity I asked a few people how they could manage to keep this race track in such wonderful condition, and I was told that the park is managed by a club subject to government supervision.

The populace seems to be happy and healthy. They do not seem to worry about anything. The youngsters are healthy and husky looking, and are quite tall. Statistics show that the average person lives eight years longer than they do in the United States and nine years longer than in England.

They take care of their own natives, and do not allow any other race to come in but whites. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why we had to fill our questionnaires. If a person visits there and has a yellow valet, they take the valet away and keep him until his master comes back, unless, according to my understanding, he can make some arrangements with the official. The Maoris natives are quite smart and business-like, and are also very loyal to their government. If the Maoris decide to sell land, each person is obliged to keep fifty acres to prevent them from becoming a public charge. They are also paid for what they sell—you cannot grab as we did from the Indians years ago. The government is in competition with all companies such as fire, life insurance, etc. This is one reason why the premiums are so low, and yet all the insurance companies are making money.

The government owns the railroads, post-offices, telephone and telegraph, and runs them for the benefit of the people. The young men are given all the facilities to travel on the railroad to see their own coun-

(1) Summer palace, marble boat, Peking

(2) Summer palace, Peking

(3) Seventeen arch bridges in summer palace, Peking

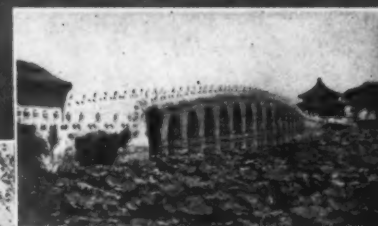
(4) Forbidden city, Peking

(5) Forbidden city, Peking

(6) Arch, summer palace, Peking



2



3



4



5



6



try. They are not millionaires, but they have everything to make them happy and comfortable. It is said you can find anything you look for in New Zealand. They have progressive legislature along the lines of state insurance, old age pension, etc. The state handles all the state affairs for the families.

During the war they sent 102,000 soldiers to various places, and hardly 17,000 returned. New Zealand has no local police on account of politics and graft. They have a dominion police force which is organized by the civil service system which works well and gives everybody a fair and square deal.

One afternoon I went to the bank to exchange some money, and just before me was a young girl, not quite sixteen, receiving her firm's payroll. She put it right into her bag and walked out unconcerned. My curiosity arose and I asked the teller if it was safe for such a young girl to carry so much money with her. He knew I was a stranger and smiled at my question saying, "No one will be able to touch that little girl. If they do they will be punished severely and cannot get away from it."

Some years ago there was trouble about people of the laboring class not having their own homes. The government loaned them money with a little interest, and at the present time, not only do the people own their own homes, but the government is making money from the money it loaned to them.

While I was strolling on one of the leading streets, just before we sailed, a man approached me and asked if I was one of the Carinthia crowd, and I told him I was. He was trying to locate some of his friends who were supposed to be on the trip. He gave me their names and I told him I never heard of them, and as I did not have my list I advised him to go to the steamer and see the list or ask one of the cruise staff.

He was from New York and had come to Auckland about a year and a half ago with the intention of doing a big business. He

with four shifts he will continue to buy American cars. Let us hope that the British companies continue to make four shifts



(1) Jake Jelal, Miss L. Schild on right and Mrs. I. Smith on left

(2) Tartar city wall, Peking

(3) Forbidden city, Peking

(4) Idol, summer palace, Peking

(5) Bridge in Forbidden city, Peking

(6) Summer palace, Peking

(7) Camels in Peking

says he started something but the government for some reason stopped it, and as he could not make much money, and did not care for the climate, he intended to return to New York. I asked him if he did not find out anything about the laws of this country, the living conditions, the climate, and a good many other things that go with it, before he left New York. He said, "No."

I told him he was a brave man. Here is a man who leaves his wonderful country, and a city like New York, which has all the opportunities of making money, and goes to New Zealand without studying the conditions. To my mind this man was sincere, and he looked like a respectable gentleman. In other words he had so much faith in New York he thought every city would be the same, but he was mistaken.

We saw many American automobiles in New Zealand and Australia. I asked one of the dealers if he preferred our cars to British or other makes and he said he liked our cars because they had three shifts, where the British and other makes have four. He said that if the British made cars with three shifts that he would buy their cars, but as long as they make them

so that the Americans will get the trade. The duty on all American cars is 30% and on the British, 20%.

[Another installment of this article will appear in the September issue of NATIONAL MAGAZINE]

## William Spry, Land Commissioner

*Continued from page 508*

the open doors of the Commissioner, and may, if you wish, pass through the unguarded doorway of the Secretary of the Interior, and be made to feel entirely at home.

This situation has become reciprocal, in that today the Special Agent, Engineer or traveling official of the Land Department is the welcome guest and confident of the western pioneer. It will be news to the reader that while the General Land Office is the only revenue producing division of the Interior Department, its Commissioner is one of the poorest paid of public servants. Imagine, if you can, a corporation earning sixteen million dollars last year and rewarding its Chief Executive with half the salary of a Congressman!

Governor Spry is an outstanding figure in the little army of such public servants.



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# What a Live Wire Stenographer Achieved

*Taking shorthand notes at eighteen and discounting notes at fifty, believing in hard work and the square-deal for everybody, Paris R. Forman, president of the Citizens National Bank of Rahway, and general manager of the National Pneumatic Company there, has climbed the ladder of success*

By DIRK P. DEYOUNG

**I**F you were starting a grocery store of your own in your own town, you would probably buy your own groceries at your own store. Likewise, if you were opening a bank of your own you would transfer your bank balances from all other banks to the one you were personally interested in. That is the way most of us do things.

But when Mr. Paris R. Forman, of Rahway, N. J., became president of the newly organized Citizens National Bank of that place, he did not act that way. Instead, he left the account of the National Pneumatic Company, of which he is the general manager owning a fourth interest, at one of the other banks where it had been for years. The other institution having had it for so long he did not feel that it was right to take it away from it just because he became interested in another bank himself. And the National Pneumatic Company being a million dollar concern, with a large pay-roll and good local account, we can judge better from that than from anything else, what manner of man we are writing about.

Before the Citizens National Bank of Rahway was organized a year or so ago, there were two commercial banks there, of which the same man is president of the one and cashier of the other. They are both good banks. I carry my own account at one of them, and it is decidedly to the credit of the officers thereof that they loan me but little money. Mr. Forman carries a personal account at his own bank, but he left both a personal account and his company's account at the other bank. But Rahway growing, with many substantial factories there, leaders there thought it warranted another bank, entirely independent of the others, so that the public would have at least two local financial institutions in no way related to deal with, the same as we have at least two political parties to choose from. And in casting about for a leading citizen, with both moral and financial resources to back it, the lightning struck the aforesaid Forman, who became its president. But the aforesaid cashier and president of the other two banks, one and the same person, being one of his good friends and having had his company's account for so long, he did not feel that it was right for him to remove it.

In these days when there is so much of the spirit of everybody for himself and the "devil take the hindmost" all about us, it is refreshing to meet up with that sort of a man. I have been looking for a long time for a character of that sort to fea-

ture. The present age is materialistic, selfish, and lacking in respect. People are too busy to be kind. The younger generation flouts almost everything, to say nothing of such old-fashioned virtues as loyalty and kindness. So it should be a good time to



Paris R. Forman, president of the Citizens National Bank of Rahway, N. J.

devote some space to a man of only fifty-one who has made an unusual success of life while always being considerate of his fellow-men.

Starting his business career as a stenographer in Chicago at the age of 18, with Burdett-Rowntree Mfg. Co., predecessors of what is now the National Pneumatic Company, world known manufacturers of the pneumatic equipment that are used on doors of street-cars, subways and other public conveyances, Mr. Forman emerges as a fourth owner and the general manager of the enterprise at 51, on what he calls a platform of hard work, persistence, and square dealing. In fact, he had already attained that position in the early forties. Now, in addition to his place in the interests and management of that large concern, he is the president of the Citizens National Bank of Rahway, which has a capital and surplus of \$130,000. He is also

heavily interested in fruit-farming in Florida and his other investments are considerable. Besides these business interests, he is president of the Kiwanis, a strong organization in that town, President of the Board of Trustees of the Methodist Church, a Bible Class teacher, an occasional lecturer, and I don't know what else, except that when anything big has to be put over in Rahway, P. R. Forman is generally on the committee to help see that it is done. As an example in a recent drive to raise \$500,000 for a hospital in Rahway, he was chairman of the Industrial committee, which, along with all of the others went over the top.

"I believe in all of those things," said Mr. Forman, his large, frank, blue eyes looking at me earnestly as I sat across from him asking questions. A man of five feet seven, weighing about one hundred and sixty-five pounds, I felt that his personality would count in any undertaking. Strong and energetic, yet kind and considerate of all who come in contact with him, I could easily see that he was just the kind of man to do such a thing as I mentioned in the beginning—start another bank and leave his own account with the other one because he did not feel right about taking it away.

"No man has a right to get the benefits of a community without lending a hand to community welfare," he went on. "We should all contribute according to our talents to make the most of our neighborhoods. So, although I have only been in Rahway eight years, I have taken hold wherever I saw an opportunity to give a lift in all civic matters. And, in doing so, I like to hold old friendships inviolable. I think that we can get most of the necessary movements under way in a city, even starting new banks, without making a lot of enemies of old friends."

\* \* \*

The Kiwanis Club of which, as said before, Mr. Forman is president, being the strongest civic body in Rahway, it is not hard to see that he wields a great influence in the town. And although his education was limited to the public schools of Cameron, Mo., he has become an excellent public speaker, ready on his feet on all occasions. As an illustration of this he is scheduled at this writing to give a lecture in Rahway soon with slides he has had made from pictures he recently took himself on a visit to the Mississippi flood area. He likes to speak in public; and he told me that he thought it was an art everyone should learn, especially business men, because thinking on one's feet thus before gatherings made it easier for them to ex-



press themselves in dealing with business associates. In the Bible Class that he has charge of he requests each of the members in turn to lead it in order to give them training in public speaking.

\* \* \*

Illustrating the point of how he thought people should get along together by co-operating instead of by selfish endeavor, he mentioned the fable of the ant and the dove. You will recall that an ant went to a fountain to get a drink, and tumbling in, was almost drowned. But a dove that happened to be sitting on a neighboring tree saw the ant's danger, and plucking off a leaf let it drop in the water before him, upon which the ant mounted and was presently wafted to shore.

A moment later, a man at the edge of the fountain was spreading his net for the purpose of ensnaring the dove. But seeing it, the ant bit the man's heel, which made him drop the net, thus arousing the dove to a sense of danger that made it fly away. One good turn, according to the moral of this fable, deserves another, which is Mr. Forman's idea of community co-operation. He feels that success comes to those who know best how to show just such consideration for their fellowmen, despite the present cynical age that emphasizes the selfish angle.

In his own business he also applies the same principles. Commenting on the rules of success at my request, he said:

"First, I think that a young man should be careful in making a selection of his life

work. Too often a young fellow goes out and gets a job, taking the most money he can get, without considering what kind of work he is best suited for. Then he shifts from one line to another always seeking more pay. By the time he is forty, he has become a chronic shifter, untrained for any special field, and unable to stick at one thing with one firm. I think it is best for them to get into the right thing, at any wage, and stay in it. In my own case, I have always been in this business—it is now 33 years since I joined the enterprise. And of course it means hard work.

"Second, one should live up to a platform of square-dealing with everybody. In our business we always aim to give the most we can in the way of value to our customers, while we leave no stone unturned to satisfy them. I recall once, several years ago, that I made the trip all the way from Chicago to Portland, Oregon, to do nothing but make a very simple adjustment on some equipment we had sold one of our customers. We apply that spirit of square-dealing all along the line, among ourselves as managers and owners, with the people we buy from and sell to, and with the workers in our factory. In other words, we try to show as much consideration and co-operation as the ant and the dove in our dealings together."

\* \* \*

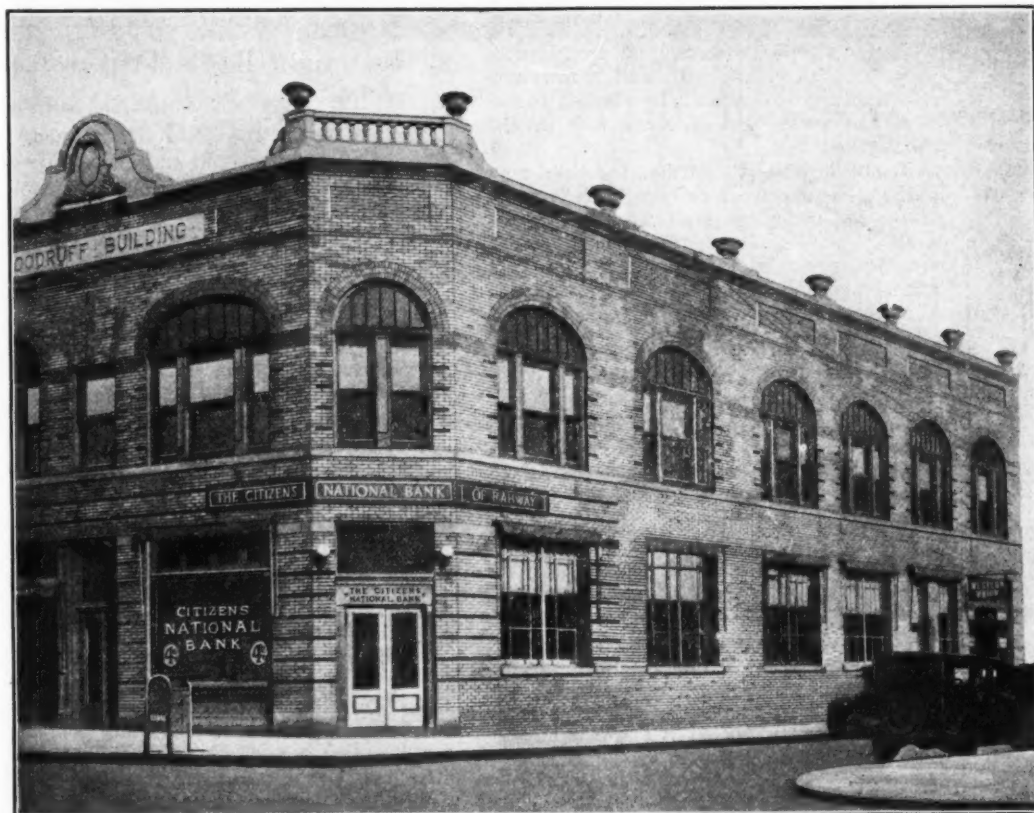
The National Pneumatic Company is a corporation in which four men each hold exactly one-fourth of the stock. Situated along the main-line of the Pennsylvania in

Rahway hundreds of thousands of travelers see it as they pass by, a model plant for employes to work in. There is hardly anyone who rides in subways or street cars who does not see these pneumatic attachments on the doors. Mr. Harold Rowntree, also interested in making the famous Rowntree chocolates in England, is the president of the company. It was originally started with a capital of not more than \$10,000 and its sales back in 1898 were only \$40,000 annually. Now its capital is over a million and its annual turnover exceeds \$2,500,000. Of all of this Mr. Forman has a fourth interest and is the operating head of the plant, although he went with the business as a stenographer when they were located in Chicago in 1895. Whatever he is worth today, he has made it himself following the principles above mentioned, by hard work and treating everybody right.

During the war Mr. Forman was a Captain in the Engineering Corps. He taught himself to be an engineer. He spent a year in South America, up in the Andes, where he and Mr. Rowntree had a gold mine. Mostly in the interest of the National Pneumatic Company, he has visited every country in the world, except Australia. He goes abroad once every two years and he is now leaving for Europe, with his wife and daughter, Irene, just home from Smith College, making up a party of three of the half million Americans who are touring the Old World this season where, it is estimated, we are spending about a billion dollars this year on travel!

Mr. Forman was born in Edinborough, Illinois, but was brought up in Missouri. During his early childhood he lived at Chillicothe, but later the family moved to Cameron, where he graduated from the high-school. After his graduation he went to Chicago and became the stenographer for the predecessors of the present National Pneumatic Company. He has never had any other business connection, so far as a job is concerned. He is a Shriner, belonging to the Lafayette Lodge in Rahway and the Salaam Temple in Newark. The family, consisting of Mrs. Forman and their daughter, besides himself, live at 159 Elm Avenue, Rahway.

The Citizen's National Bank, of which Mr. Forman is president, contains some of Rahway's most substantial citizens on its Board of Directors. Although in operation only a year, this bank has resources of nearly a million dollars, with something like 3,000 accounts. From this showing two things appear to be deductible—first, that there was a field for another bank and second, that choosing a man of his type to head the institution has been an asset to it even though he is too considerate to take old accounts of his and his company away from the other bank.



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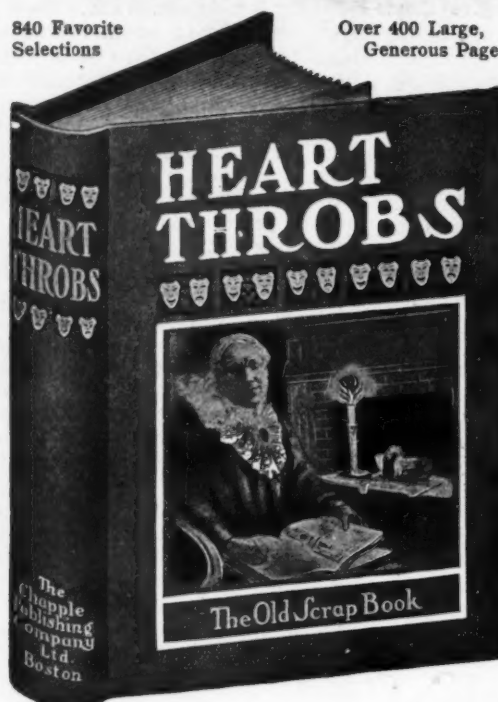


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## Give the Children a Garden

Continued from page 521

many desirable perennials. No garden is complete without a few roses. The monthly blooming red and pink varieties of radiance, and the white druski are most satisfactory,

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Publishers: The Journal Printing Co., Kirksville, Mo.

as well as seven sisters, and the maman coquets in all colors. By Fall a few narcissus and crocus should be planted to assure the youngster of some life in the Spring.

Really, in his little garden, the child may gather,—as slowly or as rapidly as it penetrates his unforced mind, all the laws of health and happiness; and consider this school a recreation rather than a task. We cannot over-emphasize the importance of a garden to the development of a normal child, perfect in body and mind.

## Open-air Westminster Abbey of the South

Continued from page 520

pass it every day in the year. The churchyard proper contains 24 acres mostly wooded while the rectory property just across the highway contains 8 acres, thus providing ample ground for the taking care eventually of hundreds of monuments. The setting is one of natural beauty and the grounds are kept in fine condition at all times. The little graveyard, where sleep many of the Rutledges, Blakes and other prominent Carolinians, is unusually attractive with its markers, shrubbery and flowers.

There is small doubt that in the years to come this spot, ten miles out from Asheville on the Dixie Highway, will be a shrine that will attract increasingly large numbers of people each year.

## A Messenger Boy's Trip to Africa

Continued from page 535

public square at the head of his army, standing there in the full and imposing regalia of the American District Telegraph Company, Broadway branch, I was the only one to receive him. Excepting myself, there was not a soul in sight.

"After the British occupation I was compelled to remain in Pretoria for about six weeks, owing to the fact that trains were being constantly blown up. Finally however, I was told that it would be safe to go ahead, and so took leave of the city, arriving in Cape Town, on the west coast of Africa, after riding for eight days on an uncomfortable flat car.

"From Cape Town I embarked for England, then sailed for home from Cherbourg on the steamship *New York*, arriving safely in the city and being welcomed, at the completion of my mission, at a dinner given in my honor by Mr. Rayens at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Rayens has been my firm friend ever since."

As he concluded his tale, "Jimmy" Smith, erstwhile "Messenger No. 1534," flashed a smile that lighted up his features and struck an answering chord in the heart of his interviewer.

"I'll never forget that trip," Jim declared. "It was the biggest thing in my life—outside of my war experiences."





*Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—No. 8 of a Series*

*(Photograph by H. Grace Smith)*

## When the record hung in the balance

**I**T was in the afternoon of one of the hottest days in summer. Twenty-seven ponderous sheet mills in a long row were rolling iron and steel sheets at one of the plants of The American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio.

Men stripped to the waist, with rivulets of sweat streaming over their bodies, were struggling to maintain a record that had stood for fifteen years—no mill had gone down because of hot weather.

And now they fought like thoroughbreds. Men would reach into a glaring furnace with a pair of long tongs, draw out two red-hot bars, drag them down to the huge rolls, where other men would seize them with tongs and guide the bars back and forth between the rolls until the bars had been made into long thin sheets.

The thump, thump, thump of the rolls breaking down the bars was the steady sound that re-echoed the determination of the men.

A little after four o'clock word came that No. 10's "catcher" had played out.

But the Assistant General Superintendent was already making his way toward No. 10, for he had missed the thump, thump, thump from that mill.

"What's the matter?" was his only question.

"Smith can't hold on any longer, and there's nobody to take his place."

Without another word the superintendent picked up a pair of tongs and stepped to Smith's place. The man at the furnace poked his long tongs through the licking flames of fire and pulled

out two red-hot bars. Again there came from No. 10 the old familiar thump, thump, thump!

Down that long row of hot mills that afternoon new life came into the organization. With the Assistant General Superintendent holding No. 10 in line a record of fifteen years' standing was saved, and the esprit de corps remained unshaken. It was a magnificent manifestation of the college spirit—the fighting spirit that wins football games—translated into terms of industry.

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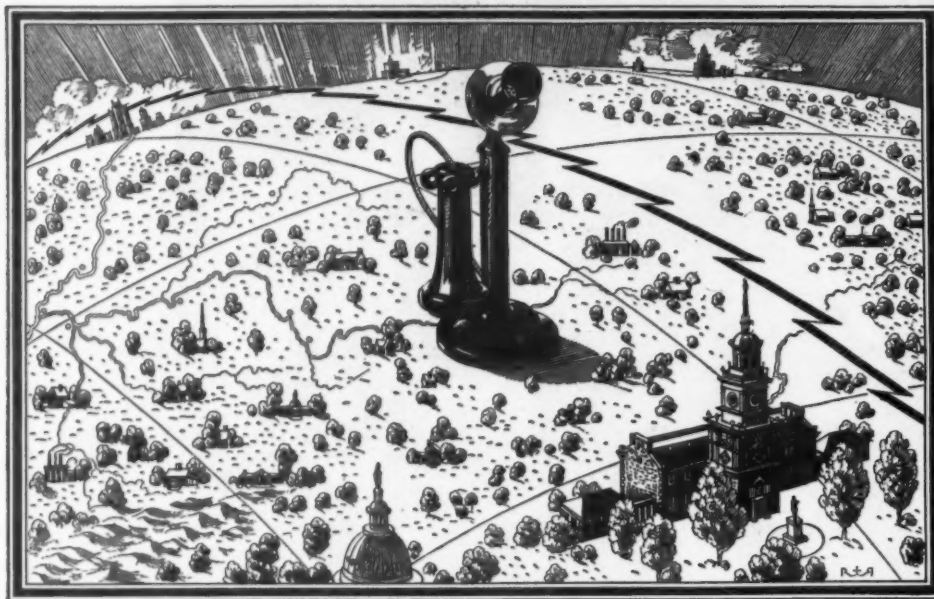
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"A telephone service for the nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors or delays, and enabling at all times anyone anywhere to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

## Youth Leads the Desert Revolt

*Continued from page 509*

Syria and Mesopotamia. My poverty had constrained me to mix with the humbler classes, those seldom met by European travelers, and thus my experiences gave me an unusual angle of view, which enabled me to understand and think for the ignorant many as well as for the more enlightened, whose rare opinions mattered, not so much for the day, as for the morrow. In addition I had seen something of the political forces working in the minds of the Middle East, and especially had noted everywhere sure signs of the decay of imperial Turkey."

There were other archaeologists, orientalists, and younger experts of the political service, who, although wearing the unfamiliar uniforms of the army and navy, believed in the Arabian Allies. Lawrence

was united with them in their interest in Sir Henry McMahon's correspondence with Hussein, although the more orthodox minds among the military found it difficult to understand such unconventional methods of warfare. As Lawrence adds:

"We call ourselves 'Intrusive' as a band; for we meant to break into the accepted halls of English foreign policy, and build a new people in the East, despite the rails laid down for us by our ancestor. Therefore, from our hybrid Intelligence office in Cairo (a jangling place which for its incessant bells and bustle and running to and fro was likened by Aubrey Herbert to an Oriental railway station), we began to work upon all our chiefs, far and near."

It is a process of which chiefs seldom approve; but Sir Henry continued both his correspondence and his promises. The long agony of the Dardanelles was played out

and ended, the British came to disaster at Kut-el-Amara, and the Turks were as close across the Suez Canal as ever. But in the summer of 1916 Sir Henry triumphed and at the beginning of June Hussein proclaimed the revolt of the Arab people, with British money and support.

Both Jidda and Mecca fell in the first rush of the Sherifian armies, but Feisal's attack upon Median, the Turkish strong-point at the end of the Hejaz Railway, failed, and the revolt began to go rather precariously astray amid the simplicities of Arab Patriotism and the complex departmental and international jealousies at Cairo. The military authorities still seemed incapable of grasping the value of a war started by the civilians; and a staff perturbed by the eccentric brilliancy of an Intelligence Service made up of experts began to show tendencies toward suppressing them. Sir Henry was recalled to England, and the Sherifian forces, led by Hussein's son, Feisal, and his three brothers, Ali, Abdulla and Zeid, got neither the supplies nor the advice which they needed.

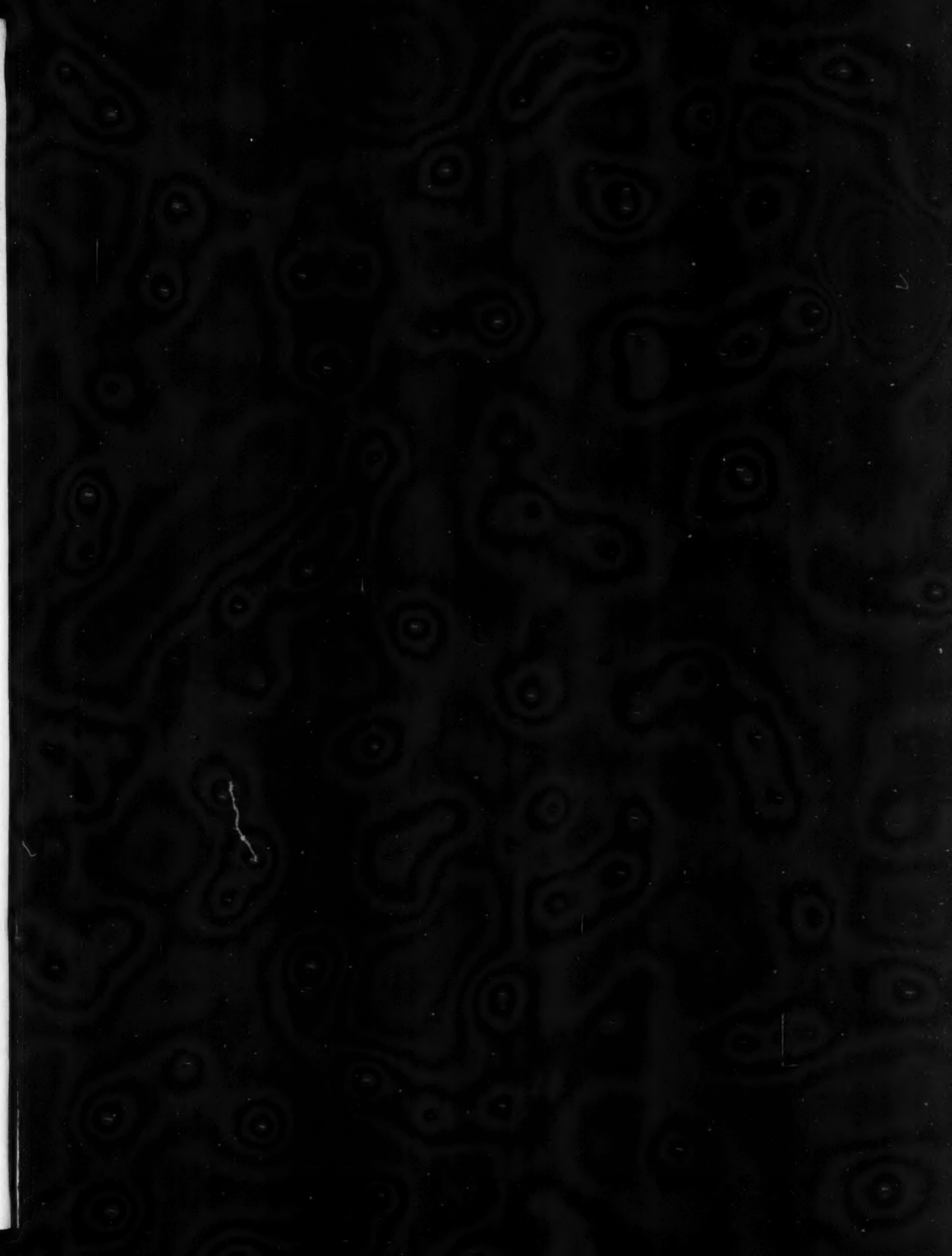
Lawrence (he was only twenty-eight years old), had never regarded himself as a soldier; he liked his work of making maps and running a secret Arab newspaper, and he felt it meanness in him to pretend to be a man of action. Yet his Arab revolt was in serious difficulties. The Turks had sent out a formal attacking column from Medina, and the Arab levies were in danger of being jammed—by the inapplicable principles of orthodox war—into the area around Mecca instead of using their dash and mobility in the irregular combat for which they were supremely fitted. Meanwhile Lawrence found himself in danger of being politely eliminated, as an upstart, while other men ruined the plans for which he was largely responsible.

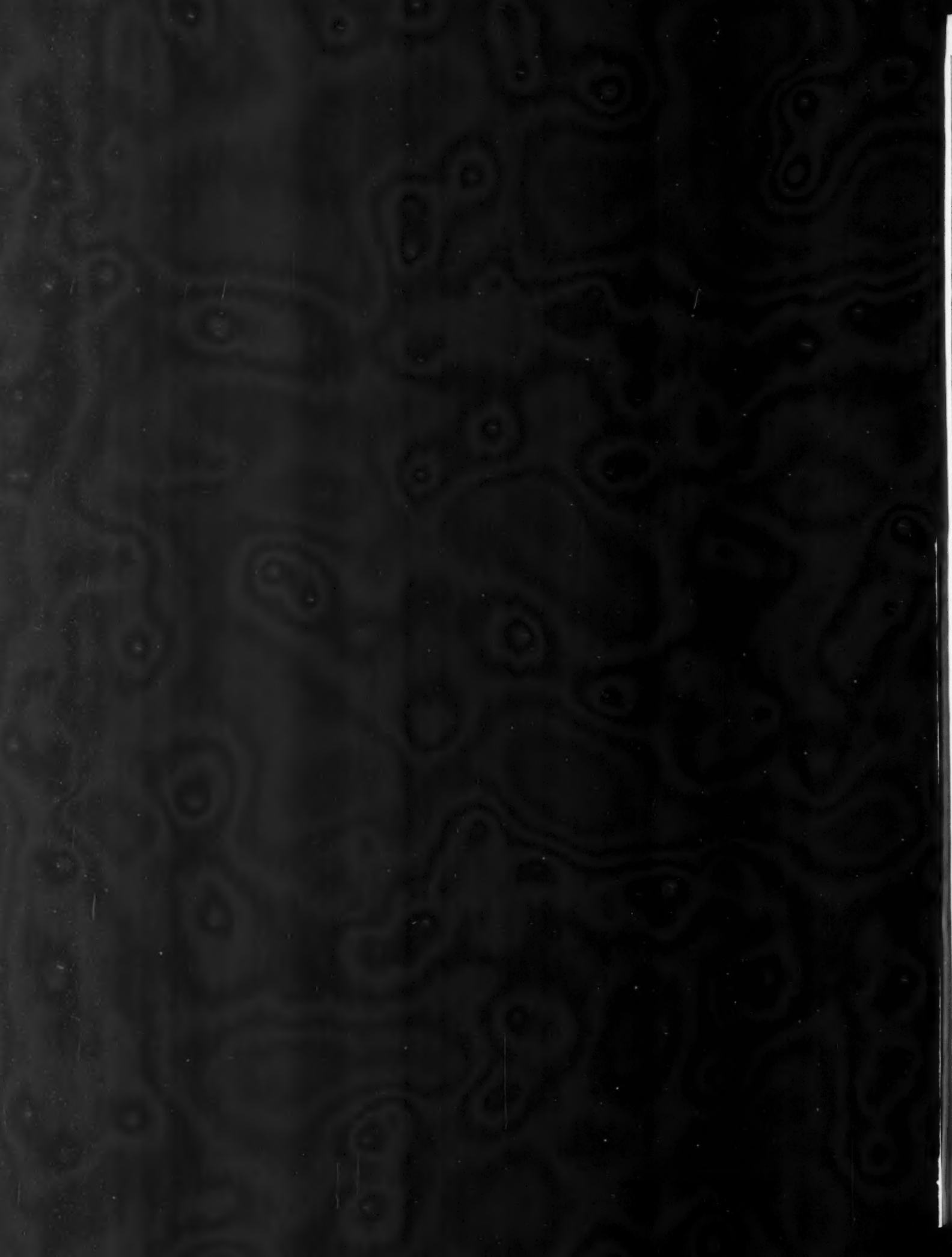
His reply was, first to make himself as obnoxious as possible to his military superiors, and then to ask for leave. It was granted with alacrity, in the hope that he could be gently put out of the way on his return. But he did not intend to be put out of the way. He boarded a naval vessel on the way down the Red Sea, ostensibly as a "joy-ride" with Sir Ronald Storrs, another of the "Intrusives," who was making an official trip to Jidda. He was without authority or passes, and Feisal, the principal commander, was in the interior, from which as a Christian he was debarred by order. But it was his precocious intention to see what he, a staff-captain on leave, could do for the confused armies of Arabia.

"Storrs and I then marched off together, happily. In the east they swore that by three sides was the decent way across a square; and my trick to escape was in this sense oriental. But I justified myself by my confidence in the final success of the Arab revolt if properly advised. I had been a mover in its beginning; my hopes lay in it. The fatalistic subordination of a professional soldier (intrigue being unknown in the British army) would have made a proper officer sit down and watch his plan of campaign wrecked by men who thought nothing of it, and to whose spirit it made no appeal.

NON NOBIS, DOMINE.









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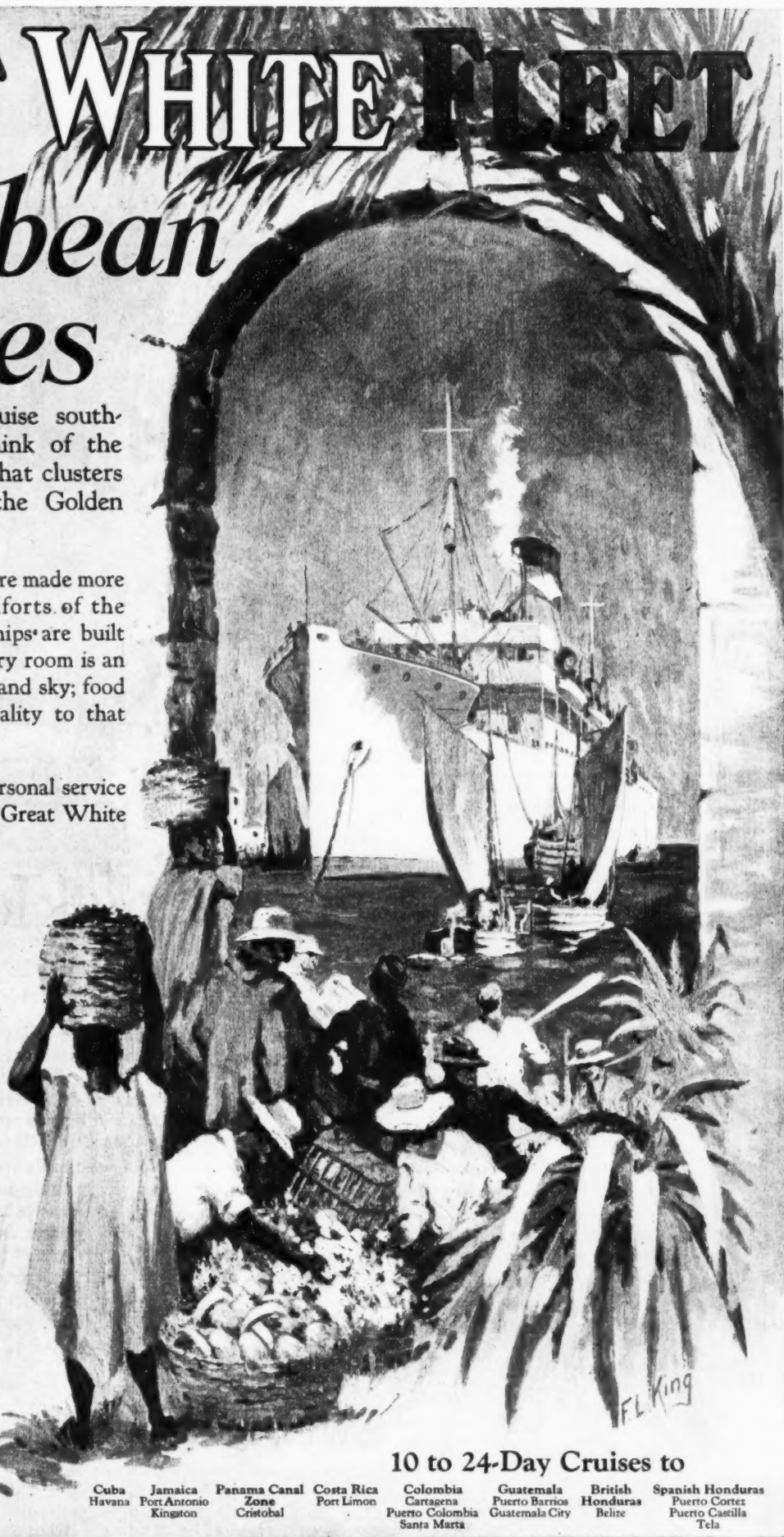
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